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THE

# Letters and other Writings

OF THE LATE

LIEUT. ADAM CLARKE RICE,

OF THE 121<sup>ST</sup> REGIMENT, N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

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COMPILED AND PREPARED BY HIS BROTHER  
C. E. RICE.

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LITTLE FALLS.

JOURNAL & COURIER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING PRESS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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ADAM CLARKE RICE was born in Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., 1840, and consequently at his death was aged a little over twenty-three years. Our family was large, consisting of five sons and three daughters ; CLARKE was the fourth son. Nothing was remarkable in his early life, except that generous impetuosity which afterwards, with proper training, gave promise to make him a leader in whatever he undertook. His mind in early years seemed to be rather averse to books, and refused to be chained down to the course of instruction usually dealt out to boys of his age. He was always ready for some new undertaking, and never was afraid of any task that was suited to his taste. When but sixteen he went to New York and there spent part of the year in company with an older brother, GEORGE, who was there engaged in business. This instilled into his spirit a sort of independence which afterwards characterized him. He would never be willing to follow in any path simply because some one had preceded him, but was determined to cut out a way of his own. He again entered the Academy at Fairfield, but as before, being inclined to be wild, as some said, he made little progress in his studies.

. Again another project entered his mind and he decided to go to Minnesota where Sister MARY was at that time living. She had always shown a great liking to CLARKE

when but a little boy and had always petted him. I believe that he was eighteen when he started. When he arrived there he found her health to be very poor, the consequence of many trials and vicissitudes. This decided him to remain with her ; for he saw that she was rapidly declining. He was the only one of our family with her at her death. Oh ! that was a sad hour for him, as he stood by her bed-side and saw the life-tide slowly ebbing away, as he knew that she must soon die, and that too far away from kindred ties ; that she who had ever been to him such a dear sister, would soon leave him alone to contend with the hard fortunes of life. So young as he was, how could it otherwise than have made an impression upon his pliant nature that no lapse of time could ever efface.

He alone, of all our kindred, stood by her grave and saw her dear form, clothed with the cerements of death, silently committed to the dust ; and saw the cold clod cover her from our sight forever. But, methinks, amid all his sorrow at the seeming cruel dispensation, he saw in it the hand of God taking from her shoulders the grievous burdens she had always borne ; placing upon her head the crown of victory ; and instead of a sorrowing, heart-broken woman, as she was here upon earth, to make her an angel in heaven. This I think was the turning point in his life.

Soon he returned home and pursued his studies with a vigor that surprised us all. All he needed was encouragement. We gave it him and soon he received the approbation and well wishes of Faculty and Schoolmates. As a writer, his style was one that would be liable to criticism by the majority of critics, but was a true type of himself—poetical, impetuous and whole-souled. He was



for the people ; yet was not afraid of popular disapproval. In his class he took an honorable position as a scholar and a friend, and never lost it during all his stay. He was not a quick student, but a thorough one. In the Summer of 1862 he finished his course in the Academy and was prepared to enter and take a good stand in College. But the country called for more men to fill up the decimated ranks of the war-worn veterans who had enlisted at the beginning of the struggle and had already borne the burden and heat of the day. He heard the call and knew that his time had come. He enlisted as a private in Co. C, 121st N. Y. Vols. His friends would willingly and gladly have assisted him in gaining a more lucrative and less burdensome position ; but no : he did not ask it. All he asked was for a place in which he might serve his country, in her trying hour, waiting for promotion and emolument until merit should give them to him. In his company were many of his schoolmates who had made sacrifices equally as great as himself. But a few of them are left. WILBUR LAMBERSON, and Lieut. CAMERON, Capt. ARNOLD and FRED. FORD, and a host of others, just as brave, have all gone to lead the way, and but a few short months ago CLARKE, our hope and our pride, sheathed his sword, laid away his knapsack and wrapped in the colors of his country followed after them, and was mustered into the immortal army above. We knew nothing of his illness until the nineteenth of September, 1863, we received a despatch from Washington saying that CLARKE lay sick at the Seminary Hospital, Georgetown. Oh ! how we hoped and prayed that his illness might not be fatal, yet feared the worst. Brother ELEAZER started upon the sad journey of visiting him and tending to his wants, within a few hours ; and our dear mother was prepared at any moment to go to meet him.

Meanwhile we waited with anxious and heavy hearts to learn his fate, whether better or worse. We received no intimation of CLARKE'S situation until the Monday following, which confirmed all our fears. What bitter grief did those few words convey to our souls :

*“ CLARKE is dead ; I shall be at Little Falls with his remains upon Tuesday.*

ELEAZER C. RICE.”

He, ELEAZER, had arrived at Georgetown upon Sunday, but it was too late to receive his dying wish. Typhoid fever had consummated its end,—CLARKE had died nearly twenty-four hours before, attended only by the hospital nurse, a good, kind, motherly soul. May God bless her and repay her for her tender care of him, when far away from friends she watched by his bedside and administered to each want and desire. Oh ! America may feel proud of her women, as they stand by the bedside of Union soldiers' in the dying hour.

CLARKE'S body had already been clothed in the ceremonies of the grave and was about to be buried with military honors. The band was just playing the solemn dirge, the soldiers were drawn up in order to convey his ashes to the cemetery, and to give the last sad farewell to their brother soldier ; the hearse was upon its way up the street ; and everything was just in readiness to bury the

Brother ELEAZER had his body embalmed, and soon started upon his sad journey. We waited anxiously Tuesday for his arrival, but he did not come. Again, upon Wednesday, we waited with sad and anxious hearts, but again we were disappointed. Upon Thursday afternoon he came and we took CLARKE'S remains to our home that night to keep them for burial the next day. Here I will insert the letter of W. H. P., one of CLARKE'S dearest

friends and one who, in our saddest hour, rendered the most efficient and kindly aid. This letter was written to the HERKIMER COUNTY JOURNAL of Sept. 1st, 1863. Also I will insert in connection with this, the Resolutions passed by the Calliopean Society of Fairfield Academy, of which CLARKE was an active member.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

FAIRFIELD, September 28. 1863.

MR. EDITOR :—

DEAR SIR—It becomes our duty at times to lay aside the business or pleasures of life to attend to more sacred obligations and to allow the affections to assert their sway over our actions. Such is the feeling in our community caused by the early loss of Lieut. A. CLARKE RICE, who died of fever in the Georgetown hospital, Saturday, Sept. 19, 1863, whose death you have already noticed.

The news of his death came not like the fall of the sturdy oak at the woodman's resounding stroke, anticipated and looked for, but like the fall of the towering pine, rent by lightning's shivering blow, unexpected and instantaneous. To many the first intelligence of his sickness came with the solemn toll of the church bell on Monday afternoon, announcing the sad tidings of his early doom.

Words can scarcely portray the sadness depicted on the countenance, as each heard the startling, unwelcome announcement. Sadness filled the breast of every one in his circle of acquaintance, though it was so hard to realize his death that at first incredulity of its truth stamped itself on the mind to give way to the sad certainty of authority. So hard it is to believe that which we would not.

On Tuesday, preparations having been made, his father and family, accompanied by citizens and delegations from the two Societies of the Seminary, went to the Rail Road to meet his remains, but were disappointed in their coming. Again on Thursday, delegations from the two Societies took their way to Little Falls, and this time met his lifeless body to bear it to his parents, his brothers and sisters, his nearer and more distant relatives and his friends—a sad duty truly, and one long to be remembered.

Arriving here, his coffin was taken into the house, and while the bearers, delegations and friends who had gathered at his coming were being dismissed, the deep silence that rested down upon the sorrow stricken family pervaded the mind and hearts of all who beheld them in their

bereavement. It was a sorrow, strong and deep and tender, that needed no words to express its heartrending agony, its soul-stirring anguish.

On Friday, though the day was most unpleasant, a large concourse of friends gathered at the house and forming in procession, proceeded to the Church where, accompanied by appropriate exercises, the Rev. L. MERIDETH preached a discourse abounding in good thoughts and feelings, many parts of which will long be remembered from Psalms X. 14 "Thou hast seen it, for thou beholdest mischief and spite to requite it with thy hand ; the poor committeth himself unto thee."

After the religious exercises he was taken to the burying ground and lowered to his final resting place, the narrow house in that city from which none ever emigrate.

And thus closes the career of one of the most noble, generous, patriotic and gifted young men of this section of the country. But little more than a year since he stood in his place as student, friend, brother, son—one of the brightest ornaments of school and community ; but impelled by the love of country, he joined the 121st Regiment to go and battle for the preservation of the Union and nationality.

Long had he stood the first writer and speaker of the school, carrying the minds of the audience to the highest flights of imagination or through the depths of profounder research ; again he would lead them with hurried tread over wastes of stony facts ; anon he would bask with them in the sunlight of beautiful and gorgeous imagery, but never wearying or uninteresting,

At the time of his enlistment he was prepared to enter an advanced standing in College, but he renounced all, and in the army became a soldier, feeling it his duty to give up his individuality for the general good. One of the bravest among the brave, he was fast winning his way upward. He had escaped through the battles in which his Regiment had been engaged, and after the one before Fredericksburgh we had dared to hope that he might be spared to return, and after the war was over, to gladden the walks of private life. But it was decreed otherwise by Him who doeth all things well. In His own good time He called him home, "trusting in his mother's Saviour" and though we grieve to know that we have lost so much in worth, goodness and humanity, there come the sweet dews of consolation in the thought that our loss is his great gain.

Very truly yours,

P.

### IN MEMORIAM.

At a special meeting of the Calliopean Society, of Fairfield Seminary, held Tuesday evening, September 22, 1863, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased an Allwise Providence to remove by death from among our numbers, Lieut. CLARKE A. RICE, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the will of the most High, we unite with his many friends in paying the last sad offices of the living to the dead and unite with them in mourning for the departed.

Resolved, That in him the country lost one of her noblest soldiers ; the world one of her brightest promises ; freedom one of her truest friends, and truth and right one of their firmest champions.

Resolved, That as a member of our Society, he was respected for those qualities which most adorn social and intellectual intercourse, ever giving his influence on the side of virtue, and entertaining for nearly six years an unabated friendship with all its members.

Resolved, That while the Society deeply feel their loss, it is abated by the knowledge of his entire devotion to the cause for which he left us and became a willing sacrifice.

Resolved, That though we feel that no words of ours can bring consolation to the friends and relatives of the departed, still we deem it our duty to express our sympathy for them in their sorrow and unite with in dropping a tear to his memory.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published and a copy be sent to the parents of the departed.

J. B. ROOT, }  
W. H. POWELL. } COMMITTEE.  
H. CHRISTIE, President.

G. K. DIEFENDORF, Sec'y.

Amid all our grief at losing CLARKE there came a great source of consolation in knowing that his body could be buried where we could visit and shed the tears of sorrow upon the little mound that covered him from our sight. No one but those who have lost friends in this grand struggle for the Right can know the satisfaction it is to see even the dead body of the dear one and to know that it receives a decent burial, when so many of our noblest brethren are fighting and dying, and are buried, no one knows where, or perhaps are left without burial to bleach upon some Southern plain. Oh ! what anguish such news has conveyed to many a mother's broken heart !

I shall never forget how pleasant and cheerful it seemed to us all that night after the arrival of ELEAZER. And when we opened the coffin and saw CLARKE, cold and dead, yet natural as life, although our hearts ached and

throbbed with the most painful emotions, yet we felt it in our hearts to praise and thank God who in His infinite kindness had restored him to us—silent and stiff in death, yet so life like. It seemed as though he was with us once again and that we could almost talk with him as of yore. It may seem incredible to others, and it may have been entirely the work of imagination on our part, but it seemed to us all, that after opening the coffin a smile overspread his countenance, so grateful, so life-like that it seemed as if he was glad to get home again. The next day, (Friday) the 25th of September, 1863, we buried him. It was a dark, cold day, and the rain poured in torrents almost, as we lowered him into the damp ground. But, notwithstanding the rain, the citizens of the good old town did everything in their power to show the respect they felt for CLARKE. We went home after the burial with sad, aching hearts. It seemed so cruel to leave him there all alone, beneath the cold sod. But we bowed to the will of God and felt to thank Him that CLARKE'S remains had never been interred beneath Rebel soil.

CLARKE, at the time of his death, held the commission of 1st Lieutenant, Commanding Co. F, the Company formerly commanded by Capt. WENDELL, who nobly fell at Chancellorville. The fact that CLARKE had enlisted as a private, and during such a short time had risen to the position he held, was a testimonial of his strict performance of duty. His illness before removal to Washington was short and was not at first considered to be dangerous. It adds very much to our grief to know that his recovery would have been almost certain, could he have remained quiet; but such is the inflexibility of war. We will insert below the letter of Cousin WARD RICE, and



also one from Dr. HOLT, Surgeon of the 121st, which we received soon after CLARKE's burial.

CAMP OF THE 121st N. Y. VOLS., Sept. 23, 1863.

MR. THOMAS A. RICE :—

DEAR SIR—I presume you have heard, ere this, that your son, Lieut. A. C. RICE, was taken sick while the Regiment was at New Baltimore, and was taken to the Regimental Hospital. When we were ordered away from there, CLARKE was placed in the ambulance and taken to Warrenton. From there he was sent to Washington. He was quite sick at that time. Since then we have heard nothing from him, save a notice of his death in the Washington CHRONICLE, which I will send to you. The initials are the same as CLARKE's : no rank is given ; the number of the regiment the same, except that it is U. S. Hoping that this is a mistake, yet fearing for the worst, I thought it my duty to let you know our fears. Hoping to hear from you soon. I remain your sympathizing friend,

Sergt. W. WARD RICE.

Immediately after CLARKE's death I wrote to Dr. HOLT, inquiring into the nature of his illness before his removal to Georgetown. I give his reply :—

IN CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN, VA., }  
October 8th, 1863. }

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 28th ult. has been received, and should have commanded earlier attention, but for the fact of our almost constant moving and changing position, since its reception.

I must necessarily be very brief in reply to your interrogations, as we again change position to-morrow ; but will, as soon as we come to a halt, inform you fully all I know or can learn in relation to your late brother.

You ask in relation to his illness ; how he was conveyed to Georgetown, and if during his sickness in the Regiment, he expressed any desire or request to be made to you ; and also as to his personal effects, &c.

In answer I would say that, when he left the regiment for the General Hospital, he was not in a condition considered alarming, and was only removed because the army was about to move, and consequently could not receive the treatment at our hands which his case demanded. He was taken with simple bilious remittant fever and for the four or five days he was under our care, every symptom appeared to be better. He was in Regimental Hospital only two days, the rest of the time being treated in quarters. He was conveyed by ambulance to New Baltimore, when he took the Rail Road to Georgetown. This journey was the probable cause of his death ; it being more than the system could endure.

Had he remained under our care in quietude, I have not the least doubt as to his recovery : but when the army moves all sick must also move ; hence many deaths which would not otherwise occur.

He expressed no wish or desire to have anything said to his friends as I think with myself ; he never even thought of the probability of a fatal issue. \* \* \* \* In the meantime I await your orders. I will do all in my power to aid you, and deeply deplore the sad and mournful end of one, who had bound himself to my heart by many a tender cord.

Very Respectfully, Your Ob't Serv't,

DANIEL M. HOLT,  
Ass't Surgeon, 121st N. Y. V.

At about this same time we received a letter from Col. UPTON, who had always taken a great interest in CLARKE, and had always recognized his merit and encouraged him to all laudable ambition. CLARKE always spoke of Col. UPTON not only as the "bravest officer he ever saw," but also as a noble man and a dear friend.

We regret to say that by some negligence the letter of the Colonel has been lost. It was full of sympathy at our loss as well as sorrow for his own ; saying that CLARKE, while he was one of the best officers in the line, had endeared himself to superiors and men by strict adherence to duty, as well as by many kind and unselfish acts.— There was such an honesty in all CLARKE's actions that, although he might be in the wrong, a person could not help to admire, respect and love him. Perhaps I had a chance to know his inmost feelings, desires and purposes as well as any other one of our family. He had a soul that despised a small, mean act, that hated sham aristocracy, that loved humanity, that would spurn to truckle or frown at the feet of any superior human power, that made him ashamed to shirk his duty, that impelled him to ask no more of others than he was willing to do himself in like circumstances. Actuated by such a spirit as this in his intercourse with men, he could not be otherwise than a faithful soldier, a kind officer and a firm



friend. This spirit that made him successful in the army, would, had he lived, have made him successful in the private walks of life.

Shortly after CLARKE's death that kind, noble woman who had watched him through all his sickness and had received his last dying breath, wrote a letter to our mother concerning the manner of CLARKE's death and also something of his previous illness.

Here is a portion of it :—

GEORGETOWN, September 28th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I feel it my duty to write a line to you. Your son was sick in my ward. He was very sick all the time after he was brought here. His head seemed to be very much affected, and he was too sick to talk much. The Chaplain saw him several times, and talked and prayed with him. He said “his mother's Saviour was his Saviour.” He asked him if he wanted to see his mother. He replied that he had seen her since he was sick. One night, about one o'clock, I had been bathing him, and he looked up and called me “Mother.” Oh ! I wish you could have seen him before he died ! I kissed him for his father and mother, and I trust that “Your loss is his gain.” It is hard to lose friends far away from home, but if they are prepared to die, that is the great thing. Oh ! what a delightful thought if we have a hope in the Savior, and Dear Friend, I trust you have that hope to sustain you in all your sorrows. “He can all our sorrows heal.” If we trust in him he will never leave, nor forsake us. I long to see this war brought to a close. I have passed through some very trying scenes since I have been here, some that I shall never forget, while memory lasts. I have been here almost two years, taking care of the sick and wounded soldiers. Many I have parted with never to meet again, until we meet at the bar of God. I earnestly pray God to make me more faithful, as I shall wish I had been when I come to die.

Now, Dear Friend, please excuse me for writing, and forgive all mistakes. Will you please answer this, if you get it ?

MISS REBECCA WISWELL,  
Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C.

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It was one of the greatest sources of consolation to us, to know that CLARKE had received such tender care at the hands of this kind nurse in his dying hour. May God

bless her and all that band of noble women who are taking the places of mothers, sisters and wives, by the bedsides of our sick and wounded soldiers, who are filling our hospitals to-day.

The following short paragraph in regard to CLARKE'S death, appeared in the HERKIMER COUNTY JOURNAL, Sept. 24, 1863.

A SAD BEREAVEMENT.—The friends and relatives of Lieut. A. CLARKE RICE, of the 121st N. Y. V., in Fairfield, were startled last Friday by a telegram announcing his severe illness. His brother, ELEAZER C. RICE, immediately started for Washington, but a subsequent dispatch announced his brother's death, which occurred, we hear, of fever, after a short illness, on Sunday morning. The body was expected here yesterday, but a telegram was received stating that it would not reach here till to-day.

Lieut. RICE was, we believe, 23 years of age, and was known as one of the most promising, most virtuous, and most esteemed young men of Fairfield. For several years a student of Fairfield Seminary, he manifested a proficiency in his studies which marked him as a student of superior ability and talents. A bright future for him was expected by all who possessed his acquaintance—who shall say how fondly by parents and friends by whom he was beloved as the hope and the pride of their glowing anticipations? But the call of his country demanded his services and they were given freely. In company with several of his school-day comrades, many of whom have gone to a soldier's resting place before him, he left his home and studies for the tented field. No eulogy can fitly pronounce his virtues; no tongue describe the fervor of that patriotism which bore him away to deadly strife, to wearisome fatigue, to wasting disease—to death.

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When near and dear friends pass away, we cherish every little keep-sake which they have left behind, with a love deeper than that which prompts the miser to hoard his "filthy lucre" in the strong chest. Everything they have possessed, everything they have worn, everything they have wrought, or had their hands upon, seems to us to have a thousand tongues; and each tongue to relate a thousand little incidents of their lives. And if there is something in which they particularly excelled, or toward

which their minds were especially prone, that excellence or that special quality, we like to bring up before our minds, and to dwell upon it, with ten-fold delight. So, when we mourned at CLARKE's death, this consolation in a measure soothed our afflicted feelings : that although he had gone from us forever ; although we should never hear his voice again ; although he had died in a distant hospital with none of us to watch over him and to hear his last farewell ; yet he has left us a legacy more precious than gold, more enduring than riches—a legacy of thoughts and words ; words that we have heard him utter ; and words that he has penned to us from afar off, upon the beautiful banks of the Potomac, and the balmy shores of the Rappahannock. Neither have his manly, generous deeds been few in the days of yore, the remembrance of which stirs up many a sad emotion in our hearts. We loved him not, because he was our brother simply ; but we loved him for the manly generosity of his nature and his spirit of self-sacrifice. We loved him not simply because the same blood flowed in our veins, but because he had those qualities which compelled all who knew him to admire. Consanguinity of blood may bring a sort of liking, but it cannot bring that deep, abiding affection which a true father or mother will bear to a noble son. You have all seen men whom the world called brothers ; yet they were no more brothers than as if they had been strangers through all their lives. Our love for CLARKE was the growth of a long contemplation of the manliness of his nature. In all my intercourse with him I never knew him to commit a mean act. And if he did sometimes err, (as we all do too often,) it was not the effect of a low and grovelling disposition, but rather of his warm and ardent temperament, which sometimes perhaps overcame his will and led him to do those things of which after-

wards he would repent. But if we loved him in the quiet days of peace, when together we plodded along in the highway of life, how much more did we respect and admire him, when throwing aside all his bright prospects for the future, (which were not few,) he enlisted as a private to suffer and fight for his country and his country's honor ! Then, indeed, he crowned his previous bright career with the most manly act of all ; and in devotion to his patriotism offered up his life. Have we not, then, amid all our sorrow, reason for rejoicing ? Let us think of CLARKE as not having lived in vain ; for his life, though short was full of kind and noble words spoken, and praiseworthy actions. As you read his letters and other writings, think that for this same patriotism, for this same love of humanity, for this same devotion to Liberty and Union for which he spoke so many noble words, he underwent the hardships of the camp and field, endured the summer's heat and the winter's cold, the long dusty march, with nothing at night to cover him from the dews and the frosts, and the storms, and finally offered up his life without a murmur, whispering with his last breath, "Mother ! Mother." Never desponding, never discouraged, he was always full of hope, and promising a bright future for the country. He was so abounding with the imaginative that he never looked at the dark side of the picture. He believed that the cause for which he fought was right and hence must prevail. And amid all his privations, amid all the wearisomeness of the march, he never complained nor faltered, never abated his patriotism nor murmured at his lot ; but always felt proud that he was an American Soldier. In one of his letters to me, after his visit home, while on his way to the Regiment, he spoke of his visit to the National Capitol. He says, "I think it was the proudest moment of my life as I stood

in Legislative Hall, not as a legislator, sent there by the voice of the people, but as an American Soldier." This was indeed a noble pride and well worthy of him. Thus he was during all the time of his service in the army, never indulging in forebodings but always hoping, trusting. I believe that he enlisted from a sense of duty, not rushing blindly into it, but with his eyes open, impelled by a love of country that no selfish love of ease could overcome, knowing full well that he would have to suffer and endure hardships hitherto unknown. He knew that the war was no playing spell, but a sad reality ; and, although, as all do, he hoped that he might be spared, yet he knew that many, many brave boys must fall.—Therefore, when privations and hardships come, he met them with a heart prepared by a consciousness of being in the way of duty. A hireling soldier may, by being in contact with those who are drilled, under ordinary circumstances perform his duties as well as one who is impelled by patriotism ; but when hardships come, when the issue of the contest depends upon their firmness and bravery, being actuated by no moral principle, and caring little for his honor, he will shirk his duty, give way to cowardice and see his comrades shot down by his side without feeling a single impulse to assist them in the hour which calls loudest for every man to stand to his post. These are the ones who fill the land with their complaints of unjust and hard treatment, yet prate loudest of their achievements. A nation which places hirelings and conscripts as the upholders of its honor and dignity against an enemy, relying upon the justice of its cause and the patriotism of its soldiers, will shed its blood in vain ; for "God is not on the side of the largest battalions," but upon the side of Right and Civilization. I need not prove this ; God, speaking in tones of warning through the his-

tory of fallen nations and ambitious yet unprincipled conquerors overthrown, has proclaimed it. This nation must feel the terrible reality of the war that is upon us and then she can consistently ask God for assistance, and receive it, and not till then.

CLARKE, in his enlistment, proved true to his nature. He might be in the wrong, he might be fanatical, but never was he ashamed or afraid to declare and sustain his principles, whatever they might be. He was emphatically not a "modern conservative." He hated slavery of every kind with all his heart and soul before the war, and when it came upon us, he saw in it the hand of God laying hold of the nation to lead it through the Red Sea of blood to the Canaan of freedom and peace. He believed in the nobility of the human race, and in man's common brotherhood. He believed in Republican Government in all its nobility, and so, when he saw traitors banded together to overthrow it, he buckled on the armour to carry out his convictions with deeds. He believed Slavery to be the cause of all our difficulties, and so, when he fought Rebels in arms, he fought oppression, the motive power of the Rebellion, at the same time. He believed that God ruled nations as well as men, and so when he saw the country upheaved by this internal strife, he believed He was working out His will. These I believe to have been CLARKE'S convictions when he enlisted. These sustained him in the hour of suffering—for I do not think he had a natural inclination to military life. These heart-felt convictions made his death a holy sacrifice to our Country's liberty and safety.

It may be asked by some, why we have published these writings. In answer, we say, for nothing else but our own gratification. We do not wish to aggrandize CLARKE'S memory, we do not wish to say that he was actuated by



any nobler motives than a host of other brave soldiers who have fallen in this contest. We do not wish to say that his letters and other writings were any better than any one else could write, that they breathed forth any purer sentiments and nobler thoughts than pulsate through the bosom of every young man. No—nothing of this kind has impelled us—but CLARKE'S writings were precious to us ; we loved them almost, as we did him, and so we have collected them together in this little volume, just as he wrote them, as memorials of one we loved so dearly. They were so like him, such outspoken expressions of his inmost nature, that it seems as we read them that we are almost talking with him. We care not what the critic would say about them. This volume is not for his perusal, but if it shall fall into the hands of any who have lost dear friends in this grand struggle for the Right, they will understand and know why we have made these writings public.

Now, in conclusion, we would say to those who were not bound to CLARKE by any tie of blood, but his near and dear friends : He loved you all next to his kin, and no success which he might attain in life could induce him to forget those he loved. He has gone forever—never more can we press his hand in cordial welcome, but if in perusing this little book you can see any resemblance of himself portrayed, think that he died as he had lived and spoken, a brave, generous, free-hearted friend, who loved his friends and home dearly, but in devotion to his country sacrificed them all, and finally his life.

His life has not been sacrificed in vain. He has fallen in a noble cause. And, bye and bye, when our nation shall have emerged from this awful struggle, although draped in mourning, and burdened by debt, the American people far up above her statesmen, her orators, her phi-

losophers, and her poets, on the pillar of fame, will write "*In Memoriam*," and beneath it in letters of gold they will inscribe the names of the patriot-soldiers, who fell in the great war of 1861.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest.  
When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould :  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
By form unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And Freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell, a weeping hermit there."

C. E. R.

FAIRFIELD, September, 1864.



We open this little volume with an Oration, written by CLARKE, at Fairfield Academy, on

## THE SOLDIERS OF TO-DAY.

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How the star of fortune rules the world's soul-tide with a rise and fall ; fluctuates it with a ceaseless ebb and flow ! How high-hearted hopes, chilled by disappointment's icy touch, droop like flowers nipped by the Autumnal frost ; how the slumbering fires of the heart kindle into the glow of enthusiasm, as fickle chance breathes its inspiration there ! How, like fallen leaves, the playthings of the sporting gale, we, the weightless leaves of nature's life-tree, are swept here and there, upon a thousand current winds of destiny ! Truly are we suspended by countless mystic chords, upon which we ceaselessly vibrate from hope to fear, from joy to grief, from glory to shame, from weal to woe. Alas ! life, after all, is but a swing from the cradle and a drop into the tomb. As the silken canvass of time slowly moves before the world's great central show-place, each event casts its bright or sable shadow ; each insect sketches its own faint career ; each human being has his Artist-Destiny to paint, his life-picture, bright or dim ; each nation to sketch its historic scene, grand or faint ; all are mingled shades of cheer and sorrow, of success and defeat, nicely blended to form a perfect life panorama. But time bears away no cheerless monotony in its scenes, no pictures of unbroken beauty, no prospects dark that present no charm, no shad-

ows so black that no bright tinges are scattered here and there. There is exquisite beauty in variety, and power in a curve. There is a soul in a trickling tear, and heaven in a cheerful smile. There is lightning in a glance, and thunder in a sigh. The hopeful and courageous stand proud, like mountain oaks that never stoop, while the children of despair, bowed in grief, like weeping willows droop, and gentle word will never cease to vibrate upon the world's heartstrings, stirring them with a harmonic thrill, while the harsh mandates of authority, fall unheeded, and melt away upon the winds like the sigh of a girl. There is no day so bright that a solitary cloud never casts its shadow down ; no night so dark that no beams of light nor a solitary star send forth their fiery brightness to scare away the dim visaged spectres of the midnight hour.

We see this lesson in every chapter of the book of time, and sadly do we learn it to-day, upon the open page of our nation's history. Surely it is a melancholy hour for our struggling, alas ! our bleeding country ; a perilous pass in the pilgrimage of her National existence. To the world's anxious vision she presents a spectacle pitiable indeed, as alone, almost forlorn, amid tempest wild, and lightning flash, and thunder's deafening roar, weeping like a child, though proud as the queen of nations, she presses forward in the path-way of destiny. Well might the good genius of humanity, shed bitter tears and sigh heavily as she beholds her in distress ; and fear lest, exhausted, she faint amid the storm ; fear lest her dying moans should wail the requiem of Liberty, and her toga, white as the driven snow, become the robe of tyranny, her history but a quick-told tale, her remains, like murdered Poland, should be the food of despotism forever, and her tomb the last Mecca of the world. Dark as is this picture,

sad as is this scene of our country, yet there are features and colors in it as bright and beautiful and sublime, as the finger of destiny ever traced and the world has ever seen. Survey the broad sweep of the world's history, from the morn of civilization to the noon of the nineteenth century, and find, if you can, a brighter picture than that presented by the half million Patriot-Soldiers, who have rallied around their country to-day, offering themselves sacrifices for America, her people and her laws. Roll up the screen that hides from our view the world of the past, and show us where or when another such a noble band of heroes as humanity cried for, marshalled themselves under the genius of Liberty, rallied forth in crusade against the legions of death, and upon the holy errand of Charity and Mercy. When they saw Liberty writhing in pain and bleeding at a hundred pores, they bound up her wounds. When they saw Justice prostrate and fainting by the way-side, they offered consolation and breathed the inspiration of life into her fainting form. When they beheld our country bowed in grief and weeping with a broken heart, they cheered her drooping spirits, with cheerful word and noble deed. When they heard her people mourn and feebly cry for help, like children wandering in the storm, they listened and to the rescue coming outstretched a helping hand. O ! Philanthropy ! Guardian Angel of the true ! How deep is the fountain life of thy affections ! O ! Mercy ! Beautiful Sister of Grace ! How thy generous heart is moved by the breath of supplication and swells with tender pity for the suffering ! O ! Charity ! Prince of the soul ! what shall set bounds to thy empire, while weakness craves protection and innocence pure to woe is given ! O Heroism ! Valor incarnate ! Beautiful soul ! How brave is thy life for humanity spent ; how destiny yields to thy magic touch

and success twines its wreath around thy brow. Philanthropy so true, Mercy so kind, Charity so generous, Heroism so brave—each a force associated in purpose, guard the feet, illumine the soul-chamber, drive the heart-pulse, and nerve the arm of the Patriot-Soldiers of to-day !

When the war trumpet sounded the tocsin o'er all the nation, a night of sorrow hung over the country like a sable pall, and a cry of national lamentation went up like a wail upon the troubled winds. The band of treason had twined its icy fingers around the very heart-strings of the nation, as if to freeze and sunder the vital chords of her existence, and there was a great fear that Slavery had at last digged the grave for the genius of America. But the nation's life-tide had not ebbed away, nor its pulse ceased to beat in quick response to the throb of freedom's heart. In these soldier-heroes, to whom we delight to sing praises, and pay the tribute of our respect, there was a love of Liberty too warm, too strong for hope or fear to chain or chill—a spirit of patriotism which treason could neither bribe nor fashion—a loyal will which fate could neither break nor rule—a spirit of bravery which laughed at fearful danger, and dared woe to do its worst. Though treachery lurked in secret places, guarded by the cohorts of treason, though conservatism, like a ghost coming from the tomb, was wont to chill the spirit of patriotism by wailing over the honors of war. Even though the midnight hour seemed to stare at them with the piercing eye of death, yet they went forth, bold, fearlessly, God-like, under the standard of the free, with the smile of Justice playing upon every cheek, and the fire of Liberty burning in every eye. Brave Soldiers ! Gallant Knights of thee, O Liberty ! How Justice smiles at thy approach ; how Humanity rejoices at thy timely coming ; how Liberty grows cheerful and strong in thy gallantry true ;

how America boasts of thee to valor given ! When did moral beauty robe herself in colors more bright ? When did patriotism inspire heroes more brave ? When did Freedom find errants more true, friends more dear ? When did national glory appear more proud, or wear majesty more grand than in the Patriot-Soldier whom to-day America is proud to boast her own. The arms of six hundred thousand men, outstretched to snatch thunder bolts of death ere they strike humanity to the dust ; the hearts of six hundred thousand men beating—beating—beating to a people's needs and a country's call ; the lives of six hundred thousand men of earth's noblest children willingly laid upon the nation's altar, as war-rants of true devotion, and a pledge that America shall live forever ! No feudal lord summoned them to the battle-field for tyranny to fight ; no dream-fancy illured them in folly's course ; no spectre wild of bewildered brain, no ambition of military glory, moved to war of conquest, or ill-gotten gain ; no flickering pleasure or hope of ease illured them into the hardships of a soldier's life, to meet a soldier's fickle fate ; no sordid passion wields its sceptre over their souls ; no purposeless aim, like a wandering star illumines the pathway to glory and to fame. No ! none of the base and groveling motives touch the nerves or stir the life-chords of these brave men—citizens of the tented field. They endure suffering that we may remain untouched by sacriligious harm. Bravely they march through dangers that we may be in safety. Nobly they fight the battles of Humanity and the Right, that we may enjoy the sunshine of Peace. Cheerfully they crusade against the legions of darkness, that our institutions of learning, the towering light-house, and the scattered lights of the world, may stand and radiate forever. Fearlessly they war against the vandal hordes of

despotism, that freedom may prevail, and liberty, beautiful liberty, may reign empress of this western empire,—and alas they even die with no murmur, without a sigh, that our country may survive and forever live.

Where is stupidity so blind as not to appreciate these heroic deeds? Where is indifference so false as not to vibrate upon every heart-string with sympathy for these dauntless friends? Where is ingratitude so base, or enmity so black, as not to feel thankful for these unrewarded kindnesses? Where is human nature so heartless, or soul so cold, as not to pity the brave, brave soldiers, when they are toiling, suffering and dying in our behalf? But sorrow casts its dark shadow across the soul, when the reflection springs up in the mind that we do not properly appreciate their services, that we do not fully feel what sufferings they endure, and how sadly they need our remembrance, our tender care and heartfelt sympathy.—Many leave cheerful homes, where content sat smiling happily and joy reigned undisturbed—but what a change is there now! Sorrow has flung its dark shadow through all that home; gloom has hung its sable curtains at every window; cheerfulness with a bowed head sits weeping in the lonely corner; sadness, grim as death, sits wrapped in a dark cloak at the great hearthstone; and fearful anxiety keeps “tapping, still tapping” at the outside door. Fancy paints scenes of distress and want for the reluctant vision, and death-shrieks are heard in the moan of the winds, as they mournfully wail through the long winter nights. Surely ’tis all sorrow and sadness at home; but its departed loved ones—they who went forth to battle nobly—where, where are they? They too are changed, and perchance how sadly! Now their home is in the tented field. A dark curtain screens the world. No happy friend is there to breathe consolation; no family chor-



us is heard, such as was wont to float upon the air, like the music of the spheres ; no voice of mother kind is heard, as once it filled the soul like the thrill of Æolian harp. They see no bright fire in the cheerful fire-place, where once, when childhood had its day, they used to sit and look at the hopeful life-pictures in the coals. ;

It is a cold, dark night, without a single star to shed a cheerful ray. The icy winter breath chills them to the very heart, and its storm-winds blow through the worthless tents, and seem to sport with their shivering forms.

Perhaps they are sitting around their camp-fires, with bowed heads, and tearful eyes, and aching hearts. Silence reigns undisturbed. No sign is heard ; no word falls from the lips ; no tongue is moved to tell the sad tale of the soul. Gaunt hunger may be preying upon their wasted bodies ; their clothes perhaps are thin and torn, and ill-suited to the icy weather. Alas ! pale sickness, it may be, has gathered its cold, damp sweat upon their brows, and death-worms are gnawing at the golden life-chords of their existence. Many *poor* men willingly went forth at our country's call, leaving families, dear families, behind upon the charity of fate. They have fought and bled and died in the cause of their country's liberty ; but I fancy, if we should visit their humble homes, once so cheerful, we would find misery dwelling over them like an evil spirit. Famine prowls by daylight and there's nought but dying embers faintly glowing in the old fireplace. The frosty windows jar and rattle, and the winds play with the door-latch.

Let us enter one of these homes : A lonely widow sits weeping without condolence, without sympathy as she mourns her misfortune and loss, while beautiful, though helpless, children play around her knee, crying, "Mother, mother ! why does father stay away so long ?" This


touches a tender chord in that mother's heart, and she says, with quivering lips, "Be quiet, my dear children ; I guess he will come back soon." Little do those innocent children think that their father is sleeping—aye the slumber of the tomb.

When the noble WINTHROP fell, the genius of literature chanted a requiem to departed glory, and the world of letters bowed to bewail his melancholy fall. When brave LYON was shot to the dust, the spirit of patriotism drooped for a time like a frost-nipped flower, and the nation deeply mourned. When daring BAKER fell to the dust, bleeding at a dozen wounds, the goddess of eloquence wept like an orphan child and the people rushed to do honor to his memory over his proud remains. But hundreds of soldiers, just as brave, just as worthy, have passed away in their country's cause, and the heedless world noticed them not. The nation shed not a solitary tear ; the people made no public lamentation. No muffled drum sounded its beats, as their bodies were lowered into the ground. No cheerful flower of grateful remembrance has been planted upon their solitary graves. Thus an ungrateful world lets pass away into forgetfulness her noblest children. Thus death dries up the fountains of sympathy in the human heart. Thus our poor soldiers live for us, fight for us and die for us. Thus the dust of forgetfulness gathers over their memories, and oblivion casts its sable pall to screen them from the world forever. But ought we to be so cruel and iron-hearted as not to be full of sympathy for our soldiers, suffering in our behalf? No : Charity forbid ! Has humanity sunk to such a low ebb of degeneracy as not to receive them ? No : Mercy forbid ! Can we be so heedless or ungrateful as not to remember them in sickness—much more after they are dead ? No : Heaven forbid ! But when you sit with



your friends by your warm and cheerful firesides, and the dry winds hoarsely whistle through the crevices, and the wild storm beats against your jarring windows, and the outside world seems cheerless, dreary and wrapped in an icy armour ; remember, O, pity ! our brave patriot soldiers.

[Thus did he plead for the soldiers, but when it came his turn to lay aside his bright prospects and to suffer all for his country, not a word of dissatisfaction escaped his lips, never did he utter one word that would go to show that his patriotism had abated or that he thought his lot a hard one. What a satisfaction it was to us to receive those letters of his when they were so full of good cheer and confidence in his cause and calling ? That he did have his dark hour no one can doubt, but to us at home he always presented the bright side of the picture, as these letters which we present to you will clearly show ]

 This letter was written while the 121st lay encamped near Bakersville, Md., nearly a month after the regiment first entered the field :

CAMP NEAR THE POTOMAC, Oct. 19, 1862.

MY DEAR PARENTS :

I received a very encouraging and most welcome letter from you (mother) some time since, and could I have followed the promptings of my feelings, it would have been answered long before this. But you know in what circumstances soldiers are placed from necessity when our country rocks upon the fickle fate of war. Often do our thoughts fly back to linger once again around dear friends and all the pleasant spots of memory and of home, and when we find that our visits thus made are but the lifeless joys of a passing dream, which break like bubbles on the water, the noblest feelings of the heart sweep up and yearn to communicate themselves to those we deem our friends ; to respond to every touch of sympathy which letters from home send vibrating through our souls. Mother, if you could only imagine how much joy that letter occasioned me, you could not fail to write very often.

Since I last wrote I have enjoyed most excellent health ; as good, I know, as though I had been at home. I think I ought to feel thankful in the bottom of my heart that I have always been so favored by nature as to my health, and so graciously blessed as I drift swiftly down the turbid stream of a soldier's life. I can well feel thankful, for while in our long and tedious march from Washington, man after man, utterly exhausted by the heat and the march, fell prostrate by the wayside, I never was behind my company more than ten minutes at a time, and while

so many poor suffering soldiers of our ranks lay sick and dying in the hospitals, where the white-winged angel of merey hardly dares to come, and so many, feeble and worn out, are excused from duty, I have never been absent from duty but one day since I left home. Somehow I feel confident that I shall be favored with unimpaired health as long as I shall be called upon to serve as a soldier in the cause of our struggling country. And although it would be far from my wish to spend all my days in discharging the duties of a military life ; yet, let me assure you, that I never enjoyed myself better than I do, to-day, enlisted as I hope, in the cause of national reformation, and of national liberty, though some hardships do hang upon our heels, and Old Winter, eloaked in his snowy robe, stares us in the face and threatens to breathe his icy wings upon us.

This war cannot last forever, and the Union, the temple of our national liberty, the watch tower of all our hopes, the treasure house of all our fortunes must be preserved. And after the fires of this conflict shall have burned out all the soot of its crime and iniquity, the morning star of peace will dawn upon the mighty fabric, which can defy all the storms of centuries, whose inhabitants shall be a people, happy, united and free. True, the sacrifice of a hundred thousand martyrs and perhaps untold hundreds more, as a ransom for the salvation of our fallen country, is an awful atonement for her protracted tyranny ; but when we reflect that she has been the only nationality upon the earth that has dared to welcome liberty, and taking her by the hand has led her through the storms of eighty years ; and that now if she should perish, the cloud of universal despotism would shut out the noon-day light of the century, we see how small is that sacrifice, when compared with the

untold blessings we shall receive by snatching our country from her impending peril. Surely God never gave us mind to hope for a better end, nor arms to raise in a holier cause.

Sunday, toward noon, CALVIN CARPENTER and myself came over to the hospital to see the sick, and were most agreeably surprised in finding Mrs. LAMBERSON there. I had been very fearful that she would not get there in time to see WILBUR before the silver stream of life had silently ebbed away, and left nought but a fountainless fountain here behind.

Since she has been here it was thought at one time that WILBUR was dying, but he revived, and there seems to be a chance for his recovery.

Four deaths have already occurred in the regiment.—The other night a man lying right beside WILBUR LAMBERSON died, and was buried before morning. It was a shame upon his Company that he had no one, no, not one, to notice him, no one to touch him with a sympathetic hand, no one to drop one word of kindness in his wakeful ear. He was a poor Irishman whom nobody owned,—a sick, dying soldier, whom the busy world never turned to notice. I used often to see him as I went down to see our boys, stretched upon the straw as helpless as he was lonely : the *flies actually crawling into his mouth*,—the hot autumn sun streaming in his face,—his eyes half closed, and the damp death sweat standing upon his manly brow ; and there he lay until that solemn midnight hour, when, as the outside world was wrapped in slumber, his life ebbed noiselessly away, and a few fellow soldiers laid him down to rest without a coffin,—without a shroud,—without a word of pity, and without a funeral dirge. For the crown of thorns which he wore here upon earth, in heaven he will wear a wreath of laurel.

I can predict nothing as to our future movements. I was in hopes we should do something this Fall, but nothing here indicates that now. But the bugle calls me to duty, so I must close. Write to me often, and accept this from

Your loving son,

CLARKE.

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HAGERSTOWN, Nov. 26th, 1862.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

You may be somewhat surprised at receiving this letter, dated at this place, a town in the northern part of Maryland; but I will explain. Last Friday morning, a rainy dismal morning you may be assured, just after I had crawled out of our little sheeting house, and called the Reville roll-call, the Adjutant came to me and told me that the Lieut. Colonel desired me to accompany him in a tour through Washington, Harper's Ferry, Hagerstown, &c. I was wonderfully surprised but not less pleased at the proposition. I gladly accepted the offer, and according to instructions, prepared and ate my breakfast in "double quick" time, and very soon was in readiness for the future journey.

The object of our mission was to gather up the sick belonging to our regiment whom we had left scattered around in the hospitals of the State. We finally left our encampment, which was about six miles from Fredericksburg, and followed the Acquia Creek R. R. down to the landing on the Potomac, a few miles above the point where the beautiful stream empties into the Chesapeake bay.

It rained hard and incessantly from the time we left camp until we arrived at the steamer Nellie Baker, the pride and queen of the Potomac. We had a most pleas-

ant and interesting sail up the river, and as night was falling, landed in the Capital of the West. The Potomac is a beautiful stream, reminding us very much of the Hudson. Some very fine scenery along the banks,—but it looks wild, uncultivated, and unadorned with splendid mansions,—eden-like parks,—and garden-like fields, as are the banks of the North River.

Early in the morning after our arrival in the city, the Colonel started for Alexandria, leaving me a pass to perambulate the National Metropolis as inclination should lead. My heart leaped with joy, for I longed for an opportunity to view that city whose stupendous wheels, turned by the will of the commonwealth, drives the mightiest and noblest government the world has ever seen. I walked through almost every street of importance, passed hurriedly through Smithsonian Institute, saw the White House, and stood *proudly* in the Representative Hall of our country,—if not as the august representative of the people, certainly in the honorable attitude of an *American soldier*. I wish I had time to relate to you what I saw, and language to express the feelings that went surging through my heart, as I stood and looked upon the American wonders, the National monuments of that city. Smithsonian Institute is almost boundless in dimensions, yet is full of the noblest works of art, and the grandest curiosities of nature. I could see the bright form of the man that founded that Institution in every thing I beheld. Though dead, he still lives. The capitol in point of size and grandeur, far exceeded the limits of my boldest anticipations. Well may our country feel proud of it, as was the Roman Commonwealth of the Pantheon.

Sunday morning we left Washington, and at noon arrived at Harper's Ferry, that desolate, forlorn, forsaken

village, where but three short years ago the martyr of the nineteenth century played before an astonished world the noblest part in American history. The melancholy town is bowed upon her knees in sack cloth and ashes, and well may she ask the proud spirit of that brave old martyr, forgiveness for betraying him to the bloody hang-men of the nation.


It is the saddest looking place I ever saw. It seems covered with shame for its deeds of wickedness. No hotel ; half the houses deserted ; the stores nearly all shnt ; there are two little brick churches ; but no preacher and no schools. The arsenal is in ruins ; sick and dying soldiers are in the silent mills. The people are sullen and sorrowful, and the streets deep in mud. At some time I will send you a little piece of wood which I took from the room in which John Brown stood when he waved his sceptre of light over the proud form of "Old Virginia," for once bowed in the dust, and where he was at last taken and led to the altar of unholy sacrifice.

I would like to write more about this place, but have not time. To-morrow we shall go to Harrisburgh, from thence to Baltimore, then to Washington, and thence to our regiment.

Write often to your Soldier Boy and accept love from  
Your Loving Son,

CLARKE.

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 The following is a letter written at Crampton Gap, just before the battle at Antietam. The regiment were expecting to be ordered into the engagement at any moment :

SUNDAY NOON, Sept. 14th, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I have just finished reading your most welcome letter, the Chaplain having arrived, bringing the mail of the



regiment from Washington. It was doubly interesting, for the reason that it may be the last word of friendship that will ever reach my ears from those I love so well.

We have been marching all day right in the face of the enemy. All day has the air resounded with the echoes of the booming cannon. We are in the historic valley of the Potomac, and but a short distance from Harper's Ferry.

We have been expecting for hours that we should be called into an engagement ; and now, as I steal these few idle moments to write to you, we are concealed behind the brow of a large hill, that the rebels may not drop their shells right in among us, and thus launch us into the dim land of shadows. As I write these words sitting by a little laughing brook, with ten-thousand fellow soldiers leaning upon their arms around me, the cannon balls and shells are whizzing in the air above our heads, which are quickly responded to by our batteries stationed upon the heights behind us. I am writing with all my accoutrements on, expecting every moment to hear the order of "attention" and "forward march" to the field of battle. I cannot tell what is to be done ; we may be engaged in half an hour and may not in several days.

MONDAY, Sept. 15.

I had just finished the last sentence, when we were called to "attention" and all the other regiments in our division, (Gen. Slocum's) and part of Gen. Smith's, being old and experienced troops, were ordered forth from our secure position to meet the enemy stationed in a very advantageous place in the woods upon a high eminence about a mile distant. Owing to our inexperience, we were ordered to stay behind, wisely I presume, though all were willing, if not anxious to go forth and try their chances ; to share the shame of defeat, or glory of victory. For a time the conflict fiercely raged until night began to fling



her shadows down, when to the glory of our arms and the joy of the patriot-soldiers, the rebel forces gave way leaving us in possession of the field. Our troops were under the command of Gen. Franklin, and the rebels were led by Howell Cobb. I heard him speak once in New York, and well remember how he looked, and how strongly he defended the Union, against which he now raises his sacriligious hands. The loss upon our side, killed and wounded, is estimated 150, while those of the rebels cannot be less than 500. Of these we took 300 prisoners. Having no orders to march, we remained last night where we were stationed during the battle, but this morning at five o'clock we took up the line of march and came upon the ground where yesterday was enacted the bloody scene. Most of our killed have been taken away, and the wounded were carried from the field last night. But the cold, damp remains of the rebels are strewn upon the bloody ground around us. While here and there are wounded ones in whom there still lingers a faint glimmer of life's light calling for mercy at our hands. It is a bloody, ghastly scene upon which I am looking now, and had I time perhaps I might make it more clear to your mind. We are half a mile from Barkettsville, a lively little town. Yesterday, there was not one loyal man in town. To-day all are devoted to the Union

CHARLEY sits by my side examining a rebel musket and is perfectly well and happy. I must close by sending my love to all at home. Tell them I will attempt to make myself worthy of their respect. Good Bye,


BROTHER CLARKE.

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[We received many other letters from CLARKE during the Fall and Winter of 1862, which to us were full of interest; but as it would be impossible to publish all of them I have omitted some.]

In the month of February, 1863, we were most gladly surprised by him, having come home upon a short leave of absence. He then bore the Commission of 2d Lieutenant. That was a happy week to us and how gladly would we have felt could he have staid with us longer. He enjoyed it no less than we, but never did a breath escape his lips which would show that he harboured the idea of resigning. He seemed cheerful and not at all dissatisfied with the life he led. I can remember just how he looked when at length the time came that should separate us *forever*, (but we knew it not then). With what cheerful composure, as tearfully we said "Good Bye," he took us by the hand, one after another and with a calm, placid smile upon that open countenance said, "Weep not for me, I shall see you again. God bless you all. Good Bye," and then he drove swiftly up the road, and just as he was disappearing from our sight he waved his hand in a silent adieu, and that was the last we saw of poor, dear CLARKE; till in the Golden Autumn month they brought him home, and we buried him where he had always desired to be buried, in the Old Church-yard of his dear native town.]

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 The following letter was written shortly after his return to the regiment, after his visit home. It breathes the same spirit of devotion to his country and her cause that he had hitherto shown :

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, FEB. 23, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS :

It is almost with as much joy that I write you this winter evening, as I should enjoy, if I could sit with you in the old family circle, and converse upon life's varied experiences and unequal prospects. If you can understand the feelings of a young man as he rows his little bark out from the moorings, upon the broad sea of life, and can see the silver, subtle ties that twine around his very heart-strings and, stretching back, seem to chain him as by the golden links of destiny, to the home of his friends and of his sunny childhood; you can appreciate the hallowed relation which I sustain to that happy circle still—and doing this, you may know what a pleasure it is to me to-night to send my spirit out to commune with you so far away.

Just a week has passed away since I left you and again went forth upon my mission, to seek an honorable destiny, as have a million others, in the rattling ear of war.— I need not assure you that it was with the greatest reluctance I bade you my last farewell, for it seemed like snapping the finest feelings which string the lyre of the human heart, yet I could but have scorned to stay, even though it had been possible ; for he who does not strike for his country is not worthy a home, and he who will not sacrifice life's fleeting pleasures for humanity's sake, is not worthy a friend. Should I give up the battle now, it would be betraying my country in time of greatest peril; it would be but the basest treachery to millions of our kind, struggling for a glorious destiny. It was the great moral American question of duty against the question of inglorious comfort and ephemeral pleasure, and it would have been a reproach to my manhood, a dark reflection upon my friends, had I hesitated for a moment, even in the idle thought of my mind, between such widely different alternatives.

Well, nothing of interest transpired on my journey to Washington. Common events made up the transit, and I arrived at the capital about 10 o'clock, Wednesday, and then hastened to do what business I had on my hands.— I went to the camp of the 152d regiment, just back of the capitol, and found the boys all well and in fine spirits.— HILL is Captain, and QUINBY 1st Lieut. JUL. TOWNSEND expects a commission ere long, and ED., as well as I remained there but a short time, and then we all came down and went into the council-chambers of the nation to hear the Congress of this new sisterhood of states legislate upon the ponderous questions of the hour—the questions of Nationality, of Justice, of Humanity.

You may be assured we felt ourselves well repaid for

our time as we sat and heard that august assembly, the representatives of a great continental State, deliberate upon questions and politics the broadest and the deepest that have ever excited the attention of the great commonwealth of man. Never before did any public body sit in judgment upon cases of such mighty importance, and so many voices divine importune it for righteous decision. Never before did it handle the forces of so sweeping a struggle and guide so many destinies of man's common future. As we sat and reflected upon the great issues for which they would be held responsible before the tribunal of earth and of heaven, we could but feel like invoking the genius of Divine wisdom, or calling the sages of old from the Senate of the skies, to preside over their solemn counsels, and to direct them in the highest light of a divine civilization. Our armies may fight like legions of lions, and gain victories which shall shine like stars in this dark hour of national affliction, and yet they can never be the masters of a glorious and permanent success. Victories are but the step stones of national triumph, and our military achievements, however brilliant they may be, are but the prelude to the grand prospective drama of continental Peace.

Armies are as soulless as the winds of the world, which though they may sweep everything on before them, and sport with the commerce of men, yet can never direct their forces to any specific end,—can never look forward to any definite purpose.

•This is emphatically the great moral struggle of the century. The common conflict of the world's polar ideas, which, though it has been raging for fifty years beneath the turf of our civilization, has just burst forth upon the surface to shake the moral creation from pole to pole.—Its manifest purposes are broad principles of national ju-

risprudence, which twine around the great heart of humanity, and bind up in harmony the varied interests of the world. Thus, to gain these great, noble moral purposes, our hope must not be in the soulless valor of our arms.— For success we must look up to the great council of States, the central mind of the nation. Congress is the brain of our great American genius, and our armed forces are but the mighty arms with which she is to achieve the grandest revolution the world has ever seen. Thus, in view of all this transcendent responsibility which rests upon their counsels, and the awful destiny which turns upon their decisions, how could we but feel deeply interested for the few hours we listened to their deliberations? The discussion was had upon the bill for indemnifying the President for certain so-called arbitrary arrests. The measure, of itself, was void of any positive force, as regards the prosecution of the war ; but it became the touchstone of public sentiment in that body, and of the common mind of the country, as Congress is but the trumpet through which to the world she speaks her thoughts from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. It tended to show whether or not the People, the eternal power behind the throne, will stand by the President in his worthy endeavors to crush out the greatest rebellion of modern times, and to stretch the wand of free empire over a dominion—ours by inheritance, and which the Fathers dedicated to Freedom and consecrated by their blood.

This was the question at issue, and who, a few years ago, could ever have dreamed that in the American Congress, the President, the free choice of this great national commonwealth, would be condemned and denounced as an apostate, for executing upon the unholy heads of traitors the verdict of impartial justice and the penalty of treason ? But alas ! what a change has come over the thoughts of

our legislators ! Into what degenerate hands our noble Government has fallen ! What death-worms have crept into the great American heart, and are gnawing our life away ! Oh ! why has the spirit divine of our Fathers flown from us in the perils of this dark hour ; and whither, Oh whither, has it gone ? Cataline conspired against the republic of Rome and the senate cast him out from its councils, and he went forth covered with the curses of all honorable men. The sacred genius of Athens implored the gods to consign to perdition all who dared to say aught against the commonwealth ; but now, in the noon of the nineteenth century, when our country totters upon the very verge of ruin, and traitors are holding their hellish carnival upon the very sepulchres of our Fathers, these Catalines of hell, sent forth and thrice cursed of heaven, dare to stand up in the Congress of this great model republic and, pointing the icy finger of scorn at the weeping ghosts of two hundred and sixty thousand martyrs, hurl defiance at the supreme authorities, and threaten resistance against the policy of the land ! Oh ! Treason, where are thy boundaries ! Oh ! traitors, when shall you meet your doom ?

How can an avenging Justice spare these modern traitors who, not content with betraying their country, would sacrifice its friends, that they might become truly the cringing spaniels of rebels ? Is he too good to die a felon's death who would hold back the arm of the Government, as it is up-raised to hurl the hell-hounds of Slavery from off the neck of our country ? Is he better than an open foe, who, when the enemies hang like hungry blood-hounds on our heels, under the cloak of pretended patriotism walks among us preaching peace, and, with false hands thrusts a whetted dagger at our hearts ? You all cry, "No, no !" Then why have mercy on them ?—



Why not hurl them from the Tarpeian rock, their memories covered with the curses of an indignant people?—These are the peace mongers who prowl to-day, with lordly air through our legislative halls, and like so many vultures whose talons drip with the life-blood of our country, for a moment would charm to earth the angel of peace—damnable hypocrites that they are. Why tolerate them in our high places?, I say. They, feigning horror at a drop of blood, pretend to faint at the sight of a soldier slain, while invoking a truce for an hour that peace may be forever sacrificed, and the god of eternal war reign supreme. Such are the men who counsel peace when peace is impossible—peace that our enemies may destroy us.—Such are the men who weep over the dead ashes of fallen despotism, and without blanched cheek curse the Government and the men who dare give protection to the genius of Liberty.

I heard Vallandigham, Voorhees, of Indiana. May, of Maryland. The whole drift of their argument was that the loyalty of the State proved the innocence of the citizen, however deep he may be in sympathy with the rebellion, however deep-stained he may be with the vilest treason, however foul may be his lips with harsh-sounding denunciation of the Government and the policy of the Administration.

Of course they did not admit this, but their arguments would cover it all. They besought the powers to stay the tide of war. Why should the North bow down her head and cease her hostilities? That Slavery might gain a new guarantee for its unnatural existence? With bitter words they protested against the policy of emancipation, as a measure that would undermine the Democratic party, founded upon the ignorance and despotism of fifty years, for where Liberty finds a foothold, that hoary-headed, de-

crepit party can never enter.

Thus, in their wild harangues their devotion to Democracy outstripped their patriotism. They denounced freedom and an honorable war, and hailed slavery and inglorious peace. Such men are our deadliest foes, more to be dreaded than the minions of the South, and were justice done them, they would swing as high as Haman, as sorry examples of degenerate Americanism. Did we not believe that the God of destiny presided with an eternal vigilance over this terrible conflict, we sometimes should feel like despairing of success, when we notice how the North is divided in purpose, when we see how many there are who are offering the hand of sympathy to the South, and are zealously at work in placing brakes upon the car of war. Let it be borne in mind that, if the Administration fails in its worthy effort to snatch the Republic from the awful fate of disunion, the ruin of our country will be charged against the lives of these degenerate children of the North, and wherever they may wander over this land, rent asunder, the sorrowing spirits of two hundred thousand slain will rise up and appear against them, to witness that they were the authors of their unholy sacrifice. And why? for the contingency of failure hangs only upon their betraying the cause of the nation and liberty.

No one can doubt that the North, if united, can reduce the rebellious South to subjugation, and woe, and entire desolation. The South know this as well as we do, and their hope, their only hope, (and alas, how well founded is that hope,) is in the ominous signs of Northern sympathy,—of Northern dissensions. Let the North present an unbroken front against those wayward and rebellious sisters, and did they not bow down upon their knees, and with up-lifted hands beseech forgiveness for their terrible



wickedness, we could sweep down the dungeon walls of their despotism, and drive their lost and degenerate armies into the Gulf. O, that we had the disinterested patriotism of our fathers ! O, that we were as united and devoted to the cause of liberty and the Union as are the rebels of the South to slavery, and the dark scheme of our country's overthrow ! But there were Tories in the Revolution, that great struggle of a people against despotic power, and how could we hope to carry on this holy crusade for national freedom and northern rights, without having traitors in our midst.

As we go back and follow the pathway of history down through the night of ages, we find that the ranks of every generation have been crowded with Tories who have exercised every power to resist all great reformatations, and to retard the progress of the world. But light and civilization have prevailed over all these oppositions, and swept on till the tide touches the high water mark of the nineteenth century.

These conservatives or traitors of the generation might as well try to dam Niagara's awful plunge with a rope of straw, as to bind the moral forces of creation with their compromises. God presides in history, and His events must constitute the current of the world. I believe He presides over the struggle of to-day, and as Justice and Liberty are on our side, He will espouse our cause and crown it with these most glorious triumphs of the century. Then let us live in hope ; let us lift up our eyes from the dark scene of the present to the bright promise of coming events ; for as surely as the day follows the night, so surely will a glorious Peace, blessed with freedom, follow this dark hour of sacrifice and war.

Well, now, I am ashamed of myself, for here I have been writing a lot of trash, and have only got to Wash-

inton yet ; but I must not linger longer. I found Capt. ARNOLD in the city, and Thursday morning we started for the tented field. We arrived in camp just as the sun was sinking behind the hills. But I was somewhat tired I assure you, for we tried to outdo each other in the march from Falmonth ; the walking was awful.

I found the boys all well and in usual good spirits,—not demoralized, as the false rumors of the North would have it. The regiment had been paid, and the most lively enthusiasm prevailed through the tented city. Never more I believe, were the soldiers determined to play well their part in this great national drama of blood. Only give the army auspicious sun and dry roads, and it will strike a blow whose sound will reverberate round the world.

The people up there must exercise a little patience, for it is utterly impossible to move on the Rappahannock now. HOOKER has not had one of the fifty chances which McCLELLAN had, for whom the many deluded ones have so much charity. It is announced that this army is going to be broken up and sent to the South-west and South Carolina. I wish they would send us there or some where we can commence immediate operations ; the authorities being too imbecile for the true spirit of war. Bright signs begin to appear : the Herald and World have just been interdicted a circulation in the army.—Hail, O, spirit of war ! strike death to treason wherever you find it ; hush every voice that whispers dissensions.

I did not have very good luck with my trunk ; I got it checked at Little Falls to New York, but when I got there it had not come on. I could not wait, but I still hold the check. They told me that they would forward it on to me, but I have but little hope, as they had or-

orders at Washington from head quarters of the army not to send on any more private boxes. As for myself, I could get along very well without it, but I feel sorry on account of the good folks who sent things by me to dear friends in the army. I wish you would see them and explain,—I certainly could not help it, without running over my leave of absence, which would be serious a offence indeed.

I have had command of the company since my return, and have been out on picket through one of hardest storms I ever knew. It snowed a foot one night, and we had nothing to shelter us but little bough houses ; but we lived, and are as well as ever in the world,—can you believe it ? We were on picket on Washington's old farm, where he married his wife. When I write again I will describe it. Now it is very late, and I must close. Remember me to all the good people of my old native town. Tell CHARLEY I will write him soon, and he must write to me. Give my love to all the folks, and to the children.

Good night,

CLARKE.

The following letter was written about the same time as the previous one, to a Sister who was away from home in the Western States, during his visit :

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Feb. 29, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I suppose that you have heard, ere this, of my brief, yet most happy visit home. It was as unexpected to myself as it proved interesting and joyful.

I shall ever remember those ten golden days as among the most sunny seasons of my life. Though my stay was so very short, as regards the measure of time, it was very long reckoned by the standard of enjoyment. It seemed to bring back to life and light the old dead home-scenes of the by-gone ; it seemed to gather up from the public streets of the world all the noble forms of friends long absent. The tide of life for those hours seemed to flow back ; and as it were with swift feet we tread the windings of the past again, thus filling them with the echoes of our former existence.

But now, as I look back upon those happy hours from the stern realities of the tented field, it seems like a passing dream, filled with airy phantoms, which came and went like shadows on a wall. Though we hung in a delusion, slept in a trance, and saw bright ideals, living in fancy's vision, the sight of my old home, the hearty welcomes of Father and Mother, the warm, outstretched hands of neighboring friends, and the kind whisperings of an overruling Destiny, were genuine pleasures, which can never be forgotten, and well repaid me for all the cost of time and journey. I felt sad that I could not see you,

as I remembered how uncertain is the future, how fickle are the chances on which turns the lot of human destiny.

One day the Col. informed me that if I would make application, he would procure for me a leave of absence. I did so, and it was approved. So I went to Washington, purchased my uniform, and with heart overflowing with hopeful anticipations, started for the home we love so well.

I suppose you have learned how I surprised our people. For a moment they seemed to doubt their own senses. A soldier seemed to be quite a curiosity in the little quiet village, consequently I did not lack attention. I saw all the good citizens and to each had to tell the same war-tales, so old and senseless to me, but new and apparently interesting to them.

Never before did my feelings twine so warm an affection around that good old town, for the more I wander abroad through this wide, selfish world, and become acquainted with society and communities, the more and deeper I sound the great depth of public life, and see the cold-hearted ambition and jealousies of human nature ; the more do I see to admire and cherish in that humble village and her quiet people. Hail ! village of our childhood's home and joys—of our early hopes and sports ! All praise to the kind guardian of our life, now so happily spent ; and may the future never bring shame upon thy head, or sorrow upon thy generous heart.

Father and Mother are enjoying most excellent health for persons in whose lives "old Time" has woven so many care-worn years ; and their spirits, not yet void of hope, seemed to rejoice in the pleasures of the present and the memories of the past. Oh ! what a blessing it must be to people to stand upon the farther borders of sixty years and, looking back in retrospect, see a golden harvest

waving in the breeze, from the seed that they had scattered in their pilgrimage of life ? They have painted with skillful fingers, a bright and cheering picture upon the canvas Destiny has given them. And why should they not delight to look upon it now, as hope, the light of life, grows dim, and they are about to rest from their labors, even underneath the thickening shadows of the tomb ? I do not mean to say that they will not live to bless and guide us by the wisdom of their counsels for many years, for I am confident they will. But it seems to me that after we have passed the meridian of life, the world loses its allurements ; bright prospects shoot away like falling stars ; and our existence becomes darkness by the fast creeping shades of evening. Alas, how true it is, that we are so selfish and ungrateful, as never to appreciate the disinterested kindness of our parents, nor recognise their exhaustless charity toward us in our waywardness until we have passed from under the roof of their protection, and wandered through some of life's pelting storms, when the world's iron doors are firmly bolted. I always thought we had a good and noble home ; but not till I had left it did I learn that to me it was the pleasantest spot in all the world ; not till I had bade farewell to Father and Mother, Sisters and Brothers, did I realize that they were the truest in affection and devotion of all the people of the earth. I do not want you to think me homesick nor disheartened, for I assure you, I have not felt a reluctant feeling nor seen a sorry hour since I enlisted.

I remained at home only five days, and then again set out upon my mission to the tented field. On my return I loitered a happy day in Washington, during which I visited the quarters of the 152d, and going into the council chambers of the nation, heard our Legislators in fiery debate upon the mighty questions of the day. The 152d

is now doing provost duty in the city, and their camp honored by fortune, crowns on the Capitolian Hill. Their mission has been bright and their duties easy thus far in this sad hour of national peril ; yet, unclouded as has been their day and as unruffled as has been the sea of their military life, I would not, were it possible, exchange our stormy career for their soldier's experience, nor our rising prospects for their fleeting hopes. What we have seen in our pilgrimage has flung a sunshine around all our trouble. What we have done has glorified all our hardships, and what we have learned has banished all sad remembrances. The hope of a glorious record is the light of our mission. The realization of a hopeful future shall be the reward of a true soldier's deed, and the kind benedictions of a grateful people shall ever recommend him both to human and divine favor. Where, then, can be the light of a soldier if he shall always work behind the screen ? What shall be his title to public recognition if he has never suffered for his country and the public weal ? *If I live through this awful strife, if I ever again stand upon the high and dry shores of an honorable national peace, I desire that I can remember that in doing my duty, I had sounded the lowest depths of human peril, and if I fall, if it is destined that I shall pass away upon the swift tide of blood, I desire that I can leave a monument behind me around which the poor angels of my life may ever hover and on which my memory may rest secure from the dark waters of utter forgetfulness.*

This is not egotism, is it ? Certainly I do not write it in any such mean spirit. It is only a laudable ambition with which I would inspire every American Soldier ; a life which should charge the mind of every child of God.

I found all the boys from Fairfield well and in the most



cheerful spirits. They all seem proud that they are soldiers in so noble a cause. How well does this speak for their patriotism ! How clearly does it show that they are truly devoted to their country ! There are so many in the service who have no good motive, who throw no soul into their endeavors, and who are ever mourning over their unhappy lot, that it seems encouraging to converse with those who are struggling through the bloody stream by the light of an idea, and with the unconquerable zeal of a true patriot.

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Since coming back to camp I have had command of the company. The Col. has given me encouragement that before long I shall receive a still better position. This is for you alone, and of course the world need not know. But I must confess that I feel well about my promotion, for I can sincerely say that the idea of an office never stretched across my mind when I enlisted. I feel that I have gained it only by trying to do my duty as a soldier.

FRED. FORD will have a commission before long, and WARD RICE will be made Orderly. They are both good and brave soldiers and well worthy of promotion.

I never despair as to the result of the war. I believe that we can lay the tottering fabric of the Confederacy in the dust and make the traitors ask forgiveness for their sins, and by the grace of an auspicious Providence we will do it. But I must draw this to a close. You must write to me very often. With a thousand thanks for your sisterly kindness, farewell, farewell.

CLARKE.



 The following letter was written to Brother DANIEL RICE, at that time in California :

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, March 10, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

You can never imagine how happily surprised I was on receiving your very interesting and most welcome letter. I was somewhat astonished ; because, not having heard any kindly voices sounding over the continent from the "golden shores of the Pacific" in so long a time, I had almost reasoned myself into the belief that distance at last, had broken the silver ties of fraternal affection, and that Old Time, weaving with its thousand shuttles the mantle of forgetfulness, had veiled me from your worthy vision.

I was rejoiced, as through the solemn stillness of this aching void, I heard a lost brother speak ; because, again, I saw your noble form arise out of the darkness of the hour and appear to me as a true brother and friend. At any time and at any place, a letter from you would have filled my soul with gladness ; but with ten-fold joy and pride did I grasp that glowing signal of your remembrance, among strangers down here in the pines and the low lands of Virginia. I hailed it as a sun beam struggling through the darkness of the night, as a voice breaking forth from beyond the sea, and sounding over the troubled elements of our national deep to whisper hope and consolation into the ears of our country's surge-tossed mariners.

You will never know how often, long and deeply I have meditated upon you and the many happy hours we have whiled away together. The moment has never passed

over my head since you left me upon that beautiful prairie in the west, that did not bring to my mind some picture-scene of our childhood's life, and kindle in my heart a bright hope that your future may be as full of happiness as your past as been of kindness and charity. I think of you and GEORGE, off there alone so far away, among strangers, without brother or sister to rejoice with you in your success, to sympathize with you in your trials and misfortunes, and then a shadow of sadness creeps over my soul, and a burning desire springs up that before many years float away, our lots may run together again and we be companions in the same destiny.

Well do I remember the bright spring morning, when the birds were rejoicing over their happy return to our northern climes, as we all bade GEORGE Good Bye, and with solemn thought invoked a blessing upon his California mission ; and as well as though it were but yesterday do I remember the morning that you left us in our western home and went forth to try your fortune in a distant land. Feelings of sadness and gladness flooded my mind, as with our good sister I watched you go forth from our little humble home, and at last fade from our reluctant sight in the thick woods far over beyond the prairie.

I felt sad to see you leave us, to be absent, perhaps for a long time,—you with whom I had sported in the sunniest days of our lives, those days of innocence, joy and hope, you from whose liberal hands I had received so many deeds of kindness, and around whom the busy angel for years had twined the golden relations of a brother with the best affections of my nature. I felt glad because I saw you starting upon a mission which hope illumined as with the brightest light of life ; because I knew that you were going forth to join GEORGE, so far away, alone, and among strangers.

The dark tide of years has flowed away since then, burdened with its ten million changes, its sorrows and cheers, its hopes and fears : and as it has swept onward in its steady course it has brought us many blessings and, alas ! how sad to remember ! borne a sister to the tomb.

Thus the roaring loom of time never ceases to run on and its ten thousand mystic shuttles are ever weaving threads of sadness and gladness in the web of human life.

Of course you have not heard of my hasty but most pleasant visit home. Never did ten happier days fall in any man's life-march from the cradle to the tomb. I found Old Fairfield slumbering quietly in the deep silent embrace of the night ; for the old chapel clock tolled the solemn hour of midnight as I rode down into the familiar town. Nor did I break its slumber ; but putting out my horse, went quietly to bed. I happened to get into the same bed with CHARLEY, and had just covered up nicely when he woke up. He, of course, was somewhat wonder-struck, and for a moment did not speak. But I was soon forced to laugh, by which he soon made the acquaintance of his nocturnal visitor. We talked until most morning, and then sleeping till breakfast time went down stairs together. Can you imagine how astonished Father and Mother were to see me ? I found them both very well and in fine spirits. But, alas ! the silent years are sprinkling grey hairs thick and fast upon their devoted heads, and furrowing deep their traces upon their noble brows. Yet it was pleasant to notice that the lamp of life yet burns bright, and sheds divine light through the dim recesses of their old age. They can lean long and confidently upon the staff of memory. They have no dark deeds to weaken the threads of their declining life. Thus may they live the time that destiny has allotted for the mortal career of man.

You cannot appreciate the profound sympathy which pulsates through their warm and generous hearts for you and GEORGE. Nothing wears so deeply upon their souls as the thought that you are so far separated from them ; and that you may be sick and want for the tender care of friends.

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I do not think you could have been sincere when you wrote me that you thought I had not acted for the best in enlisting. Gladly would I have sought advice had it been practicable to hear from you before it was necessary for me to act. I never thought of enlisting until the President issued his call for three hundred thousand more volunteers. And then, young and healthy as I was, I could not stand back from the broad tide of patriotic life which swept down from the northern hills and the western plains, and see our country totter and cry for help like a forlorn girl in a storm. No ; that cry appealed to my love of country, and obeying the best impulses of my being, trusting to the ministering angels of life, and following the glowing examples of our brother-soldiers, who had gone forth before us, we buckled on the armour of honorable warfare, and came forth upon the tented field to do and to suffer for our bleeding country.

Really, I regard it as a glorious mission ; and if we shall but snatch the fair haired Genius of America from the awful doom which these ungodly conspirators had planned for her, then we shall feel well paid for all our hardships, well rewarded for all our devotion. Of course I regret that the terrible calamity of war has befallen us ; but now that we are involved in its woes, let us strive for a glorious redemption. Perhaps I have more hope in this contest than you. All clouds have their silver lining ; all nights their hidden stars.

I believe, before many months shall roll away, the black shaggy war clouds will break away, and the full sunlight of Peace rush upon our land, regenerated, united and free.

The only question that ever made me hesitate about enlisting, was a reluctance to depart from a course already marked out, and to lay aside, even for a while, the cherished plans for the future. But if I live through this contest as I confidently expect, I shall re-enter with greater zeal the chosen course of life with a better title to success and popular favor.

You know that when we came out, I was a private ; but now I am happy to be able to announce, am a Lieutenant. If I live and have my health, I am in hopes of getting up higher. I do not write this to boast but simply to let you know that I am doing well and am satisfied with my position.

I received your picture with a great deal of gladness. You have changed wonderfully, I think for the better. I would not have known you, but taken you for some "eminent divine," little for my brother, that bade us farewell, that beautiful Spring morning, away upon the prairies of the west. I have a picture of GEORGE also, and shall ever keep them by me in all the clouds and sunshine of life. Now, dear brother, I must close. Give my tenderest affections to GEORGE. I hope he has received my last letter. Now, as the watches of the night grow sleepy, and the cold rain patters upon our "little tented home," with a thousand thanks for your brotherly and enduring kindness, I will say farewell, farewell.

CLARKE.

## CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, April 19th, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLEY:

It is Sunday again, the nineteenth of April,—that illustrious day of American history,—that glorious morning of the great Revolution,—the memorial birth-day of our common nationality. The 19th of April, immortal in the prond fame of Lexington,—thrice glorified by the sacrifice of New England's bravest sons ! Sublime, historic day. The morning star of two great Revolutions, how can we forget thee ? Thy first beams light up the broad swell of eighty years national progress, and with a thousand greetings will the American people ever welcome thy annual coming.

You cannot imagine what a beautiful day it is down here, how the suushine mantles all ! How the earth strives to look green amid the scorched desolation of war ; how the rippling streams gaily laugh, while the war gods mutter hoarsely ; how the little birds, earth's sweetest ministrelsy, flitting around, sing sweetly ; and how softly the mystic angels of the air sweep the wind harp of Æolus. It is like a Mayday at home, so blooming, so full of budding life, so fragrant and bracing.

I am officer of the guard again to-day,—I think this was the case when I wrote you last. You need not think I have been ever since, nor wonder if this letter is greatly disconnected,—for I have been already obliged to “turn out the guard,” a half dozen times. Yesterday our Division was reviewed by Gens. Hooker, Sedgwick, and that Swiss general—I do not remember his name.

Thus you see our commander extends his searching ob-

servation to every part of the great army under his authority. Sometimes he takes occasion to visit different portions of his command, alone and in disguise, thus enabling him to see the common workings of the smallest wheels in the stupendous machinery of the army of which he is the master-spirit.

I assure you that he fills a higher place in the hearts of the soldiers than ever McClellan did. They have unbounded confidence in his ability, a profound assurance of his devotion to Liberty and the country, and a common conviction that, when he moves, he will hurl upon the Confederacy the crushing power of an avalanche, thus ensuring a speedy suppression of the rebellion.

There is something positive in Gen. Hooker—a will unconquerable, an energy so vigorous, a purpose so exalted, and a heart so full of devotion, that it seems he possesses all the most essential qualities of a successful General. A man to be a successful leader in this great continental strife, must know how to organize a campaign, how to guide a great army, and must have daring enough to stake his *all* upon the issue. Undoubtedly McCLELLAN could organize an army and plan a campaign as well as any man on the continent ; but he had not that spirit of sacrifice, not that assurance and confidence, not that deep devotion, not that irresistible determination, not that lion bravery unchained by fear, that would inspire him to *bend over the opening grave* to snatch a victory that would make his life immortal. Decisive battles are always the cheapest. To gain conclusive results a great deal must be risked. Had Pizarro been like McClellan, upon that island of the sea, he would have bowed down and given up in despair. Had Napoleon been like McClellan, at the bridge of Lodi, he would have turned away in fear. Had Hannibal been like McClellan, the rugged Alps would



have frowned him down, Italy been unconquered and the wrongs of Carthage unavenged. Had Alexander been like McClellan, he would never have crossed the Granicus, and all south Asia would have boasted itself unsubdued by the "War God" of Macedon. Cyrus turned the Euphrates and reduced Babylon the imperial city of the age. Belshazzar came down from his throne and bending upon his knees asked for mercy like a helpless child. McClellan came to the very portals of Richmond, and not daring to enter the unholy city, at last skulked away.

I believe that Hooker will never write such a record, that he will never sit supinely down and permit such golden opportunities to evade his grasp, that he never will lead his brave army through the Red Sea and the Wilderness to the very entrances of the promised land, and then, as if undone by the glory of his success, turn back upon his career and tear down the monuments of his country's hopes and of his country's progress. McClellan did all this and what a retribution has fallen upon him!

It may be possible that my confidence and hopes in Gen. Hooker are unwarrantable. If so, I shall learn it but too soon, and shall feel almost like despairing for our country and her free institutions. It is time for the great hero and genius of this struggle to appear. All great historic storms in the world have borne up to public light the men destined by Heaven to lead the people through the Red Sea of war and place them triumphantly in the Promised Land of peace. The great Revolution of England, brought an Oliver Cromwell up to light. Napoleon leaped Phoenix-like from the fiery strife of the French Revolution, and upon the waves of that awful struggle was surged up to the highest eminence of military glory and power. The San Domingo insurrection which looms up like a midnight fire in the dark periods of the world's




history, revealed the great proportions of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the great nobleman of Afric's children, the man who, by the God-like majesty of his being, put to shame the wicked white oppressors of his race, who in peace possessed all the mildness of a woman, and in war manifested all the crushing power of an avenging Deity. The Revolution of our fathers had its Washington. Then why may we not predict for Gen. Hooker the sublime mission of these few heroes of the world ?

All the boys of our acquaintance are well and proud of the part they are playing in this glorious drama.

Well, CHARLEY, how is the school prospering ? You have good advantages. Improve them and you will never regret it. I would like to be able to be with you at Anniversary. But I hope that I shall be enabled to speak for my country, in deeds, from the stage of war as I cannot be home to speak by word.

I must close. Remember me kindly to all the neighbors. Give my love to all at home, and write often. With a thousand well-wishes for your welfare, I say Good Bye.

CLARKE.

 The following letter was written just after the terrific battle at Chancellorsville, in which the 121st passed through its most fiery ordeal and acquitted itself nobly, although many of the brave men, endeared to us by a hundred ties went down to their eternal rest.

When we received this letter, giving an account of their sufferings and losses, when we knew how many of his comrades had fallen beneath the awful storm and that he was safe and unharmed, we felt as though his danger had passed and that we should welcome him home again, alive and well as when we had bade him Good Bye, upon that cold February morning, but a short time before.

But God in his good dispensation had willed that he should not fall upon the field of carnage, amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, but in the quiet of Government Hospital. We bowed our heads in tears but with submission to the blow.

The letter gives a lengthy and to us an interesting account of that awful and fatal conflict. But amid all the despair and gloom, that it cast upon that country, he does not utter a word that would go to show less confidence in Gen. Hocker.

BANKS' FORD, MAY 6th, 1863.

MY DEAR PARENTS :

Some time has elapsed since I last wrote you ; but I assure you there have been many causes for my apparent neglect. In the last week we have passed through the most eventful history, the most fiery experience of modern warfare. I think you will assent to this, when you learn the details of our doings, of our gains and losses, and of our baptism in the bloody stream.

A week ago yesterday (Tuesday) our regiment broke up camp and having marched three or four miles, encamped at evening on the high bluffs overlooking the river just below Fredericksburg. No fires were permitted to be made ; no noise, no movements were allowed ; nothing that would fore-shadow to the enemy the awful cloud that was gathering over their heads. All the thunder

and lightning of an avenging army were wrapped up in the thin silken shroud of mystery.

About nine o'clock the Col. informed us that they were to cross the river at eleven. Russel's brigade was to cross first, and we next, with forty-five men in a boat, and thus get enough on the other side to drive the pickets from their defences, and then to protect the laying of the pontoons on which other divisions could cross to our assistance.

At 12 o'clock we were aroused, and the regiment divided into sub-divisions of forty-five men, so that no confusion would occur when we reached the banks of the river. I had charge of a division composed of all the cooks, musicians, pioniers, and stragglers of the regiment, a motley crew I assure you, and it kept all my wits at work to bring them under that state of control so essential to the carrying out of the plan. We moved down upon the plain, but as *usual* the boats were not yet in readiness. They had just commenced to draw them down, and they made so much noise, it seemed almost certain that the whole plan would be discovered to the listening ears of the watchman upon the other side.

After three anxious, weary hours had passed, the boats were dropped into the water and the crossing commenced. The grey morning was just breaking forth upon the Rapahannock, as the first boat, full of proud, heroic spirits, rowed out into the stream and silently pushed up to the other side. Strange to say, the enemy's sentinels did not hear, nor see them until the boat touched the banks. Just as soon as they discovered it, they sent two or three volleys over in our midst, but without any serious effect. This was our first occasion under musketry fire, and at first startled us a little, but after the first thought, all dread and fear passed away, and as we moved out upon

the river it seemed to me the proudest moment of my life. Thus the crossing was effected, and soon after the pontoons were laid. Only two men on our side were killed in the operation. Soon after, our company (D) was deployed out as skirmishers, and as we moved out cautiously upon the plain and through the thick grey mist that hung around the morning, the bullets were not few that whistled by us, above us, and around us ; but we went uninjured and as safely as though the broad wings of a kind Providence hovered over us. As we advanced, their skirmishers retreated, and we followed up until we could see the Rebels swarming by Battalions from the distant semicircular woods that skirted the plain upon which we lay. We dared not advance any farther, lest we should draw on a general engagement, which would be certain destruction to us, our force across the river being so small. Our mission then, as I understand it, was only to hold our position with the view of attracting the attention of the enemy from movements Gen Hooker, with the main army, was making farther up the river.

We remained out as skirmishers all day, and were but a few hundred yards from the enemy, who were in considerable force behind the embankment along the Richmond road. They did not trouble us much with their firing after we ceased advancing ; except now and then a sharpshooter would try his most creditable skill upon the life of some brave patriot soldier. At evening we were relieved as skirmishers, but kept under arms. Wednesday came and passed away with about the same scenes, events and results—Thursday and Friday also. We were under arms all the time, and often subject to the most sweeping artillery fire from the enemy, in their strongholds on the height. Saturday the rebel skirmishers dared to advance on us ; but Gen. Brooks threw forward a strong line of

battle, which repulsed them ; and advancing took possession of a deep narrow ravine, half way across the plain, running parallel with river and the hills. They resisted desperately for a few moments, but could not stand the pressure of our deep embattled ranks, and falling back in confusion to their defences, were compelled to leave a few prisoners as the prize of our day's work.

Sunday morning dawned ; and Oh ! how full were its day light hours, with pain, and tears, and blood, and death ! Quite early we commenced to advance toward the hill with every assurance of safety and success ; for we were led to believe that they had evacuated their position during the night. How sadly were we mistaken ? We had not advanced far before they began to shell us upon every side. The earth trembled with the vibrations of the cannonal-ling, and the heavens resounded as with a hundred peals of thunder. The smoke spread around the whole country like an enveloping mist, and every current of air, scented with burning powder, seemed to strike the nostrils like the hot breath of the nether world. Still we moved on. For a time we stood in line of battle to support one of our Batteries. Then we were marched forward and commanded to lie down in a little hollow and be in readiness to charge on one of their Batteries at any moment. What a place that was ? They could fire on us from three different directions, and we had no means of protecting or helping ourselves. There we had to remain, with nothing to occupy our minds except the wild monitions of danger ; nothing to greet our eyes but those frowning batteries ; nothing to sound upon our ears, but the thunder of that artillery and the shrill cheers of our enthusiastic foe, which to us sounded like the confused voices of rejoicing fiends. You know that all sense of danger passes away when we are enabled to help ourselves ; and where the

chances of the battle turn upon our heads, then everything is swallowed up in an overflowing enthusiasm, and every circumstance seems tinged as with golden sunshine. We could sit there and see those batteries pointed at us ; see the smoke puffing up, and then for some seconds, which seemed like minutes, feel that they must deliver their iron charges, the missiles of death, somewhere near us.

As was natural, we felt a little anxious. I did not feel afraid ; for it seemed to me as certain as anything in the book of fate, that I would not be injured, and that I should pass through the fiery trial safely and without harm. We were in this condition of danger, this state of anxiety and suspense, when a line of battle on our right advanced, swept away their line of infantry, and charging up the height to those defences, drove away the force there and planted the Stars and Stripes, that glorious symbol of our liberty and nationality, triumphantly upon its high embattlements ; upon the heights and defences that had frowned our army down for more than four months. Never before did that Old Flag look so good and beautiful to me ; never before was I so proud of my nationality ; and never did I feel so devoted to the holy cause of my bleeding country.

Thus was taken the first line of the enemy's defences. Soon after this our regiment, as well as the other troops, was ordered down to Fredericksburg, in order to move up the plank road which leads over the hill toward Gordonsville. Our company was left behind to picket that whole plain ; and not a hundred rods from the position, from which the enemy was very slowly retreating.

I did not like this duty very well, as we all knew that if the rebels moved toward us it would be folly to resist, and we would have to run with but few chances of escap-

ing with our lives, but as ours is the left flank company, we could not complain, as it is generally used for all kinds of skirmishing. We remained there until we could not see a friend, until we could see no one but hundreds of rebels wandering through the woods. You may think this strange, but will understand it when I tell you that just as soon as we had taken the defences, of which I have spoken, they left them again and joined the main column moving up the plank road. Of course the rebels came right back into them again. When we saw that our forces were so far away that it would be impossible to surprise them, we thought it expedient for us to make as hasty a retreat as possible. We fell back to the city, but to our sad disappointment found it almost deserted, and we knew not where to look for our regiment. The city looked more desolate, more lonely, more forsaken than burning Moscow left by the Russians.

We found out, however, that our regiment had gone up the Gordonsville road before mentioned. We followed on in quick pursuit. We marched about four miles, when we arrived at a little grove, in which the Surgeon had raised his little red flag, and by this we knew the regiment must be somewhere near. We halted and Capt. FISH and myself went out to see if we could find it in the sea of humanity that covered the country as far as the eye could reach. But how did we find it? It was in a terrible engagement then, and we had not advanced far before we met our brave comrades coming off from the field of carnage, covered with glory and their life's blood. We went on with the view of joining them, but the tide was already turned. Our forces were just coming off from the field. It was now dark. Everything was in chaos. Fragments of fifty regiments were drifting around in wild con-



fusion. Broad fields were covered with wounded, and stragglers running, they knew not whither.

By nine o'clock something of order was again restored ; regiments reorganized, and most were ready to rest from their weary toils. The night passed off as do all nights after a day of terrible battle. The next morning dawned and the storm opened again with all its fury. We began to realize the peril of our situation. Our Corps was surrounded except by a narrow passage to the river at Ranks Ford, three miles above Fredericksburg. The city was now in the hands of the Rebels. The fighting through the day was mostly artillery and skirmishing. We were in a circle three miles in diameter, surrounded by woods, and we could see strong lines of battle formed just on the edge of these woods all around. They seemed to be afraid to advance on us, not knowing how weak we were. How fortunate for us ! They could have crushed us into fragments. We knew this perfectly well all day and our great hope was that they would not advance upon us before night, as then we thought to make our escape. This was a day of awful anxiety, long to be remembered. To keep up a show, our Generals kept some of the troops moving about, thereby making our force appear large in the eyes of the enemy. Five o'clock came and with it the most terribly sublime scene I ever saw. The enemy advanced upon us, from every side, and opened a fire that made the earth tremble beneath our feet. We were surrounded by a wall of fire ; the black clouds of smoke hung like a pall around the dying day ; the deafening roar of artillery sounded like death howling through the wilderness, and all the angry war fiends seemed to be conspiring against us. Howe's Division, on our left, was first attacked, but it repulsed the enemy and took two regiments prisoners. Our regiment was supporting a Battery upon the extreme




right. They made an advance on our lines but were driven back and swept down by hundreds almost. We held our position until a little after dark, and then you may be sure we were not slow in making our retreat to the river. Our Brigade brought up the rear of the whole Corps. *My Heavens, what a night that was!* All seemed to be aware of their condition and their peril. The safety of the Corps seemed to hang upon every hour. Every regiment vied with each other in the common race for the river. I will say that I never felt more anxious. We moved down to the river and the whole Corps was massed upon three acres of land. We remained there until eleven o'clock, when the 121st was taken out about half a mile, to the front to guard against any advance of the enemy, while the army was crossing. About four o'clock we moved down to the river as quietly as possible, and were the last regiment to cross. Daylight soon came, but we were safe. What would have been our fate had we been an hour later?

I suppose you will have heard of the loss in the 121st before receiving this. 273 were killed, wounded and taken prisoners. About 300 out of 1000 now remain for duty. Oh! what a sacrifice for old Herkimer and Otsego! When will they reap the fruits of this awful immolation? Captain ARNOLD is probably killed; also FRED. FORD and Lieuts. DOUBLEDAY and BATES. Capt. MATHER is wounded. I will not say any more now of this week of sorrow, of blood and of death. When I write again I will say more. Col. UPTON is the bravest man I ever saw.

Now you must excuse this letter, for I have had to write in great haste and upon the ground. Hoping to hear from you soon, Good Bye.

CLARKE.

 The following letter was received but a short time after the preceding one. It gives a few more particulars concerning the battle and especially of the behavior of the 121st. It had then been learned for a certainty of the death of Lieut FRED FORD. FRED and CLARE had always been on terms of great intimacy before and after their enlistment. He was a noble young man who enlisted purely from a sense of duty, and when he fell, all who knew him mourned.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, May 14th, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLEY :

It is raining in torrents, and our little shelter tents are not entirely adequate, to keeping us wholly from the wet. Nevertheless we are not uncomfortable, nor discontented, but appreciate all circumstances as being conducive to our ultimate benefaction. We are made of such pliable material that we can turn our inclinations into almost any channel ; can be moulded by circumstances into almost any form of mind. Especially, can the American soldier, if he be devoted to the cause of his country, and true to the principles of the fathers, adapt himself to any emergency, and educate himself to any fortune. Why, what are a few temporal sufferings and deprivations in the scale against that undying glory and honor which will be due, and willingly acceded to every soldier who serves faithfully in the army of the Union ? I deny that there can be any real enjoyment, except in a living consciousness of a performance of duty, as rational members of a great political society. On the other hand, so long as this consciousness, like the breath of angels, sweeps the golden chords of the heart, the wail of misery and of sorrow must be hushed even in the gloomiest hours of our existence. All misfortunes, defeats and losses, under such circumstances,

sink away, like clouds in an ocean of etherial glory. A consolation bubbles up from the profoundest depths of the heart, and like a mountain spring, overflows the whole being. Though I am obliged to forego a great many privileges which I might enjoy at home, yet I can but heartily wish, that this desolating war which is hanging the nation in funeral weeds, and spreading sorrow, like drifting snow upon the winds of winter, through so many homes, would come to a close ; yet I can truly say that I was never more contented with my lot, never better assured of laboring in a just and holy cause ; never more proud of the part I was playing in the drama of life, and never more hopeful of the great national issues which await us in the future.

CHARLEY, you cannot imagine what an experience we had during those seven bloody days, across the Rappahannock. They will ever be remembered as among the few historic days, in the world's progress. These are gauntlets which we all have to run, fulfilling the mission of American soldiers ; and the more perilous they are, the more credit follows the endeavor. The 121st earned for itself a good name, as far as our corps is concerned, at any rate.

Without a view to censure, I must say that some one of our Generals, either Brooks or Sedgwick, committed a great error, in thus crowding our forces into that Hell-hole on Sunday afternoon, without first ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy. As I told you in my other letter, we abandoned the defence of the heights, almost immediately after taking them. When the rebels fell back, our Generals took it for granted that they were retreating as fast as possible, and therefore hurried our troops on in quick and, almost heedless pursuit ; but instead of retreating, they only fell back into their

second line of defenses, which were completely concealed from us by the thick forests. Our skirmishers were sent out, but the Rebels fell back without resistance, and thus almost betrayed them into the trap which they had set for all who might advance.

Thus our brave troops were shoved blindly into the meshes of an overwhelming foe, into the dark chasm of defeat and death. It seems as though we might have shelled the Rebels out of these woods, at least have learned their strength, position, and intentions, by means of our artillery, and thereby saved the infantry from that awful fire, which swept so many brave spirits from the earth, and rolled back the tide of victory upon the arms of the country. Bartlett's Brigade formed the first line of battle. In the centre was the 121st, upon the right was the 16th, N. Y., and upon the left, the 96th, Penn. and 5th Maine. The 96th fired two volleys and ran, the 5th Maine soon broke, and the 16th N. Y. next. Thus both flanks of our Regiment were left unprotected. The enemy came around on both sides and gained a raking fire upon our ranks ; but the 121st, filled with pride and lofty patriotism, true to the cause for which they fought, and remembering their kind friends at home, stood firm and irresistible, until the Rebels were obliged to fall back upon another line of battle.

Of course the feeble regiment, then so small, could not charge upon the new line of fresh troops, and consequently was necessitated to fall back. Col. UPTON rallied the few surviving ones, and almost crying as he spoke, implored them in the name of their country, to stand by the Old Flag, and make an attempt to avenge their fallen comrades, who had so nobly fallen. They tried ; but in vain. I hesitate not to say that the 121st bore the heat of the engagement. The 16th N. Y. did well ; but the 5th

Maine, and the 96th Pennsylvania, did not honor themselves a great deal. I have seen it stated in the papers, that the 96th led the brigade. I assure you that it did lead it in the retreat. It never was known to fight well but once, and that was at Crampton's Gap.

Our Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel played well the parts of heroes in that bloody scene.

The armies of the Union can boast no braver men, no truer soldiers, no more devoted patriots than Col. UPTON and Lieut. Col. OLCOTT. They seemed to be at every point of the line at the same time, cheering on the men, cautioning them to be cool, showing them how and where to fire, and all with a fearlessness that seemed to defy both injury and death. Col. UPTON's horse was shot under him, and becoming unmanageable, almost carried him into the rebel lines. His only chance of escape was by jumping off as quickly as possible. It seems almost a miracle that he passed through the battle.

The next day, as we were about falling back, Dr. HOLT, NEWTON PHELPS, and the whole drum corps were taken prisoners. They learned that the general against us was Gen. WILCOX, who was Col. UPTON's instructor at West Point. He recognized the Colonel and told the Doctor he thought him the bravest man he ever met.

The Doctor saw most of our dead buried. He noticed FRED. FORD and some others of Co. C particularly. FRED. was stripped of everything except his shirt. Though he had been exposed two days, yet he looked remarkably natural. He was shot through the thigh, cutting the main artery, and thus bled to death. When he was shot he asked Capt. KIDDER to carry him back a little behind a brick church, standing near, that he might be protected from the fire and also from the scorching rays of the sun. That was the last that was ever seen or heard of him before

the tide of life ebbed forever away. Alas, for poor FRED. ! He has paid his last tribute to the cause of Liberty, and made his last sacrifice upon the altar of his country ! He loved the land of his nativity, the country of the Hero-Fathers ; and his devotion was as great and deep as his love—his patriotism as broad as the justice of our cause. Though he has fallen, he cannot be forgotten. Though his voice is hushed in the solemn silence of the tomb, his noble martyrdom will speak forever as with a thousand tongues. Though his arms are folded upon his cold breast beneath the blood-soaked turf, and his coarse blanket is wrapped around him ; methinks I can see his shadowy ghost, with a hundred thousand more, wandering like pilgrims through the damp darkness of the hour, and invoking a terrible retribution upon their murderers, and the enemies of the Republic.

No, he is not wholly dead. A true patriot cannot die. While his ashes are mouldering in the wilderness, by the little brick chapel on the hill, and traitors sing their war songs over the little fresh mound in which his mortality, lies, his gallant spirit, robed in white, and winged with a martyr's glory, is lightly dancing with the bright spirits gone before him, to the harps played by angels, around the ball-room of the skies.

As we stand in imagination upon the bloody battlefield and see the great death-angel wrapping his dark wings around him, and bearing him out from the battle-storms of life forever, we can but say, soldier, martyr, devoted patriot, hero, and friend, Hail ! and Farewell.

The loss of our Corps (Sedgwick's) is estimated at 5,000, nearly half the total loss of the whole army. It is rumored that Gen. Sedgwick had orders to move up and take the heights, thirty-six hours before he made the attack. If this be so, the defeat of the campaign can be eas-



ily accounted for. Some of the prisoners that we took, acknowledged that we could have taken the heights, a great deal easier, a day or two before ; for their whole and principal force was engaged in fighting Hooker.

I cannot see why Gen. Hooker did not attack them in the rear, when they were pressing on us so. But I am willing to make allowances. I have *unqualified confidence* in Gen. Hooker still ; and fully believe that if all subordinates had carried out his designs and orders, the result would have been far different.

But I do not get discouraged, dispirited or gloomy. I feel assured we shall succeed ultimately. The Right must prevail.

The country, wrapped in the folds of an orerruling destiny, is receiving an awful scourging ; but she will certainly survive the storms of this terrible conflict. My only fears spring from the tardiness or waywardness of the powers at Washington. The Administration seems always too slow. Instead of making events, it is reluctantly carried along by the events which the laws of Nature have sent sweeping through the bosom of the nation. It is Spring, the time for carrying on active operations ; but the army, always too small, is being enfeebled by the mustering out of two years' soldiers ; and yet nothing has been done by the Administration towards recruiting the ranks of the army, through the channel which Congress has opened.

It seems to me that depots ought to have been opened through the country, where our conscripts should have been assembled, drilled, disciplined and educated in the art of war, preparatory to being sent into active service. Had this been done, the losses which the army is now sustaining could be filled in a day, and we should be in readi-

ness to prosecute a vigorous, sweeping and successful summer's campaign.

But I will criticise no more. It is to be hoped that a good and wise Providence presides over the elements, forces, and agents of this struggle.

I visited the camp of the 97th yesterday ; and saw Lieuts. NORTON and CHAMBERLAIN. They are well and enjoying themselves gloriously. In fact, a good feeling pervades the whole army, notwithstanding the sweep which death has made through its ranks, and the defeat that has come upon its arms.

I am now commanding Co. F, Capt. WENDELL'S old company. He was killed at Chancellorsville, you know. I feel considerably flattered by my transfer ; for although there is considerable responsibility resting upon my shoulders, yet I can exercise my own authority, and consequently, take more pride and interest in my company.

I wish that I could be at home to witness all the scenes of the Anniversary Exercises.

I have been to a great many theatres, and have seen the first comedies, tragedies and dramas of the world of romance, acted by the most illustrious performers of our country. I have heard some of the most accomplished orators, of which the century can boast, pour forth the clear, silvery, yet torrent-like stream of resistless eloquence ; I have been in a great many States, and have seen people play all the different parts in the drama of real life ; but have never seen anything which interests me so much, which awakens more happy emotions in my breast, than the Anniversary Exercises of the good old Institution at Fairfield. I know that the troupe now acting upon its stage will add new lustre to its ancient fame.

\* \* \* \* \*

CLARKE.



## BANKS OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, June 11, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLEY :

Some time has elapsed since I last heard from you, but I trust you will not attribute any negligence to me for my delay in answering you, for you know how fickle are all the winds that blow over a soldier's life ; how arbitrary are all the Fates that preside over our fortunes, that grant us our privileges, deal us our cards, give us our chances, spoil many of our golden purposes,—in a word, mould for us our destinies. In times of peace and at home, often are our happiest life-dreams scattered like silver mist by some unseen event ; our fondest wishes are scorned as idle longings, and our choicest purposes are snatched away from us forever. But much more uncertain are our hopes, and prospects, and efforts, and plans, and cherished designs, as we are whirled around and around in the eddying sweeps of this war's events. The night always shrouds the morrow in a mystery impenetrable. "Coming events cast their shadows before ;" the hand on the dial follows the speeding minutes round ; all indications are like the weather signs of spring, full of delusions. Hence the passing hour is without any outlines of its future, however dim. We have to make our plans upon a perfect blank, and consequently they often prove to be vain and impracticable. We are as liable to defeats as to successes in the execution.

Since I last wrote you, many things have transpired, all as unexpected as they are full of interest. Then I could see no signs of a movement ; the skies seemed swept of every storm-cloud ; camp-life was moving on without a

ripple ; all was a quiet as a New England Sabbath. But since then the dark-visaged War Gods have been aroused from their heavy slumber. The solemn silent spell which has bound them since the banner drooped so sadly upon the fields of Fredericksburg, has been broken, and sweeping their dark desolating wings down the fair Rappahannock valley, where so many shadow spirits are hovering, they fill the hills and low-lands of old Stafford once more with a deep, steady war-din, like the sound of a resounding sea-swell, or the rush of a storm through the wilderness.

Of course there is always an idea, a some thing terrible in the stormy hours and scenes of war ; and yet we have acquired such an appetite for something interesting, exciting, and decisive, that we hail with rejoicing, all signs that foreshadow a battle, or point to some decisive change. Hence we were glad when we received orders to pack up ; when we were assured that we were going to cross the Rappahannock again ; that another crisis was opening between the boasted giant armies of the land. These engagements, although so terrible, so full of wounds and wails, and pains, and tears ; though death hovers over them like a great, gaunt vulture over its prey, yet they have a magic power to charm, a great fascination,—and they are full of allurements, full of rich curiosities which we are always eager to get.

I suppose you are almost as well acquainted with what has been done down here as we soldiers are ourselves, as every act now has a hundred tongues with which it declares itself to the public ear. Yet, though this movement has been developing itself now for more than a week, there is a thick mystery hanging around it still. So far only the Sixth corps seem to have acted a part. We broke up camp last Friday, and our corps moved out up-

on the high bluffs, which overlook the wide beautiful valley of the river. The column halted and rested there till toward evening, when the 2d Division, (Hough's) marched down upon the plain, right in plain sight of the enemy, and planted their batteries upon the river's bank. The engineer corps then commenced to lay their pontoons, but the rebel Sharpshooters harrassed them, so that they were obliged to fall back upon another expedient. All of our batteries were opened upon the rifle-pits on the other side of the river, which were full, and the fire was so incessant—so sweeping,—so destructive, that the rebels did not dare to raise their heads above the pit banks. Under the protection of this fire our men lowered their boats into the water, and rowed across to the other side. This artillery fire was kept up until three or four regiments had crossed over, and formed in line of battle on the other side. Then all at once a signal was sounded, and the firing ceased, and this line of battle made one the finest charges upon those rifle pits, known in the history of the war. The rebels had not time to recover from the shock which they had received from our cannonading, and being in a perfect state of confusion and chaos, were unable to make the feeblest resistance. Some throwing down their arms rushed over the works, and gave themselves up. Others essayed to fly, and were shot down. But the majority lay down behind the embankments, and like helpless suppliants, cried for mercy and protection. Thus once more our great army gained a foot-hold, a firm foot-hold upon the hostile bank, where twice it had stood before, and twice had been beaten back. Nothing could have been done more handsomely—nothing could have shown better the superiority of northern valor and northern strategy. This crossing was effected where Franklin crossed last December, about half a mile below the city. Skirmish-

ers were sent out, and they cleared the plain in front, as far as the Richmond turn pike, a mile from the river, and on the right flank down to what is called Deep Run, and on the left flank up to the Bernard House. Here our picket line was established, and still is, forming the circumference of a semi-circle of about a mile and half in extent. There our division, (the First), now Gen. Wright's, relieved the 2d on Sunday night, and held the position till last night, when we were relieved by the 3d division, and moved over on this side of the river. While we were over there, there was a good deal of skirmishing and cannonading, but without much loss. We suffered mainly from their sharp-shooters who were secreted in little pits, and against which our shots could not take effect. While we were over there, we built up the strongest earthworks I ever saw, curving from one point on the river around a mill, across the plain, and striking its right bank again, a mile from the other point. This will protect our men from all the cannonading of the rebels, from the cannon mounted upon the heights beyond, and behind which they could sweep down a hundred lines of battle, if the enemy is foolish enough to hurl themselves against the fortifications. This shows that our Generals are either determined to hold their position, or are trying to make a feint, by which to cover some other, and grander undertaking.

As I said before, I cannot tear away the veil of mystery which conceals the whole play. I feel assured in saying, however, that it is not designed to try to carry the heights again at this point. By the time you get this, I presume fuller developements will have been made and we shall know what is the great design and the result of it. At present the air is full of idle rumors. In all the confusion of voices that breaks upon our ears we can sift out no positive intelligence.

It is said that some part of the army has already started for the Peninsula, with the view of co-operating with the forces there, in a grand campaign against the capital of the rebellion. This really looks plausible. The plan looks feasible, and I confidently hope that, ere long, some glorious achievement will bring honor to our arms and gladness to the hearts of the people.

CHARLIE, I wish you were here with me to-day. I think you would acknowledge yourself privileged to look upon one of the most interesting, the most charming, the most awfully sublime scenes of this century. Don't think me extravagant or boasting ; for surely no words of human tongue can swell the voices of Nature and of War, that are sounding around me. No touch of fancy can add a single tinge to the grand scene of destiny spread out before me.

I am sitting upon the brink of a range of bluffs, which stretches for miles up and down the river, and towers up perpendicularly two hundred feet from the line of the plain. The point where I sit is mounted with heavy siege guns, and back of the left borders of the city of Fredericksburg, and within a stone's throw of its deserted streets. The valley of the Rappahannock stretches out from the foot of these heights to the foot of the hills beyond, which are whitened with the tented homes of ninety thousand traitors, where prowls the rebel army with its enginery of death, frowning upon us, and every height blazing with ten thousand camp-fires, flashing the light of hostility in our eyes.

The valley is about two and a half miles in width, not appearing to be half that distance from one range to the other, and stretches up and down the river in the dim distance like the smooth level of the sea. The silvery river winds its meandering way down through the middle



of that fertile plain. How beautifully it looks—that deep, noiseless, crystal stream, flowing down through that luxuriant valley ! The Po, in the valley of Piedmont, historic with all the golden memories of immortal Italy, whereat the genius of Carthage sat and made old Rome tremble for her security, shall not, down in the future, occupy a more conspicuous place in history than the Rappahannock, with the valley of Stafford. I can sit here and see distinctly all the movements of our forces on the other side of the river, and also the movements of the enemy. It would seem that they wanted to come down on our little division, but, not daring to do that, only keep themselves in readiness to defend their own cherished stronghold.

We can see quite distinctly what are said to be Gen. Lee's headquarters ; also those of Gen. Longstreet, who has two corps massed just behind the city and along the Gordonsville road. The city looks lonely and forlorn enough. Really the genius of that old town of prosperity, and wealth, and fashion, and aristocracy, is bowed down in sackcloth and ashes. It is crushed with the retributions which its life-long sins have brought upon it. The people have almost all deserted it, except the very poorest and some colored people. I remember it as one of the finest cities of our country, in all the elements a city's worth, before the war began. But now the hum of life is hushed, the houses are vacant, windows broken, doors unhinged, fences in ashes, mills in dilapidation, and grass growing on the streets. Such is Fredericksburg today. But it was once a beautiful place, and some of its fine features linger yet, only as the sad characters of its epitaph. The celebrated Washington farm is in sight—the finest farm I ever saw in my life ; also the Fitzhugh farm where Gen. Lee married his wife. It is now called

the Barnard House, of which I have spoken. But it is now in ruins. It must have been one of the finest houses in the country in its day, and built according to the style of feudal times. The memories which linger around these places give to reality all the interest and charm of romance.

Well, CHARLIE, I can only wish you were here to see all these fine things, all these wonders, all these charms.

What do the people think of Gen. Hooker now?—Have they lost their confidence in him? I hope not.—Tuesday he rode up and down our lines, and stopped very near where I was standing. So I had a grand opportunity to scan him. I had seen him before, but so far off, I could not get much of an impression concerning him. But now I can truly say, that he is one of the finest looking men I ever saw. He is a very tall man, well proportioned, with high massive square head, bright black locks and healthy red cheeks. He has all the military airs, as much so as McClellan, and at the same time, appears much more intelligent and active. His head is higher than Mac's and not so round. I was happily disappointed in him. I have more confidence in him to-day, than I had before the battle of Fredericksburg, notwithstanding the popular clamor against him. There is one thing he can do better than any other General in this country. He can keep his own counsels. Even the corps commanders did not know of this movement, until they received the order to march down to the river. This spirit of independence is the best sign of Genius and Power. I wrote you about coming down here in vacation. I was glad to hear that you would come. \* \* \*

You will have no trouble in getting a pass in Washington at the Provost Marshal's office. If we are still in this part of Virginia, you will procure one for Falmouth.—

Write to me all the news, as soon as you receive this—all about the last day's exercises, and what you can consistently, of your Public. How well I would like to be up there. As well would I like to go in the way I had laid out, before I enlisted. I cannot think of changing my soldier's life for it now, I hope not, till the last cannon booms forth the last roar of war. I hope CAROLINE and NANCY will be home in time to enjoy the exercises. Give my love to Father and Mother, and to ELEAZER's family. Give my best regards to all the people of the old village, and accept this from

CLARKE.



CAMP NEAR BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD, }  
June 22d, 1862. }

MY DEAR PARENTS :

Though but a few days have elapsed since I last wrote you, yet as I have a few leisure moments at command, I hasten, with a glad heart, to improve them, by writing you a few lines again. You can never imagine what joy, and moral strength, your last letter imparted to me. I had begun almost to despair of hearing again from you directly, and consequently, it was made doubly welcome by the surprise. It seems to have been ordained, and wisely I think, that children's appreciation of parental kindness, strengthens, as time and distance, expand between us. The affections, which stretch down through the human race, linking together the responsive hearts of generations, are always tuned, and ever unbroken. They are full of natural music ; they tingle with the vital current of the soul. But it is only the finger-sweeps of the outer world, that can make them sound forth the deepest harmony, and sympathy of our better lives. A kind word is never so sweet, as when uttered, while harsh sounds are grating upon our ears. The sunshine is never so pleasant, as when the storm-clouds have just rolled away. A smile is never so charming, as when it falls upon us, from beneath some dark, heavy frown. Friends are always dearest, when enemies are nearest.

Well, we have passed through some interesting scenes, since you heard from me last, though the time is quite short. Then we were on picket, and some of our corps lay on the southern side of the Rappahannock, and looked defiantly upon the frowning heights, that had stayed

the advance of our army, for more than six months. But now they are encamped, temporarily, upon the historic ground, made sacred by the blood of more than ten thousand patriot martyrs. You may be assured, that though there are many hardships attending our wayward pilgrimage, yet it affords us a great deal of satisfaction, and interest, to visit these hallowed Meccas of our blood-washed land. You can hardly imagine what emotions, what deep feelings of mingled sadness and gladness, swell up in our breasts, as we tread the consecrated soil, where so many of our gallant soldier brothers have bravely fought, and resolutely suffered, and willingly laid down their lives, in the cause of Country, and Liberty, and Humanity. You will remember that I said in my last letter, that a deep mystery, hung upon the movement then on the *tapis*, and hence, I could not even guess concerning the issues, which might be developed, in the progress of it. You know, that though we are right in the scenes of action, yet we can only look upon the military board, from a very low stand point. This accounts for the many errors in our prophecies. After our division was relieved, concerning which I wrote you, our brigade was sent out on picket, along the river, and down towards King George's Court House. We had been on duty for two days, when, about 11 o'clock at night, we received orders to draw in our pickets, and make our way as best we could, through the darkness, and the wilderness, to White Oak Church, where the brigade was being assembled, for the purpose of bringing up the rear of the great retreating army of the Potomac. We all arrived there about one o'clock, and then marching till

"Jocund day stood tiptoe

On the misty mountain tops,'

we halted for the day, on the Potomac Creek. The whole

army, or this wing of it, had passed on, and our division was thus left behind, to guard the endless baggage train, which now, like a pilgrim procession, was slowly winding its way, in its northward course, through the deep, dark defiles, and over the broad, desolate sweeps of Old Virginia. We rested until we saw the last wagon of this great train file past us, as it rolled the dry dust back upon the fields it had deserted, and then we fell in line, and marched all night. We arrived at Stafford Court House, by early day-break, and then halted for an hour. Then we marched till 9 o'clock, when we halted again till 11 o'clock. The column was formed again, and headed towards Dumfries, on the Potomac. This was one of the warmest days, of which I have any remembrance, and before the night shades fell around, its prostrating heat laid many a poor soldier, panting and helpless, by the wayside. It was a forced march, as our General had orders to report at Dumfries by three o'clock. No time was to be lost. It was apparently, a case of emergency and of necessities of war, more pressing than circumstances of nature. Onward we pushed, without rest, without water, without shade, without a single cool breath of air, with nothing but burning dust, and scorching sun, and heated air, and hot sandy plains, and barren hills, and deep, wide channels, without any murmuring streams, till at last, blindness fell upon the poor, weary, foot-sore soldiers, and one by one, yet thick and fast, they dropped by the way-sides. Yet we moved on, until we had not half a dozen in each company. Then it became a case of necessity to halt, which was done. In two or three hours a great portion of them joined us again. Some were not able then. Some will never be. A few, alas ! too many ! lie where they fell, without a requiem, and without a tomb stone to mark their resting places. The marching after

after that day was comparatively easy. We are now resting in a very fine situation, and enjoying ourselves, as soldiers only can. We are not far from Fairfax Court House, and right on the ground where was fought the junior battle of Bull Run. Many a rude mound, scattered here and there, exist, as some of the lingering traces of that awful visitation, and show us where sleep, and sweetly sleep, so many of our lost patriot-soldiers. I do not know much about the position of the army, and still less of the plans, designs and purposes, of our leading Generals.— But I have still great confidence in them. I think that Lee has been defeated in his darling project against Washington. I believe that a righteous destiny presides over this struggle, and that we shall triumph if we deserve to. Then why despair? I suppose you will see Naney and Caroline soon. Urge them to write to me. I am anxiously awaiting Charley's coming. He will keep watch of the movements of the Army, and then will procure his pass accordingly, from Washington. I think he will have no trouble in procuring one. If he could get in company with some one coming down here it would be better. But I must close. I fear you will have trouble to read this, but in your trouble, have patience for me. Give my love to all and accept this from.

CLARKE.

EDWARD'S FERRY, June 29th, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER :

A good while has elapsed since I last wrote to you, but a longer time since I have heard from you directly. To-night we find ourselves safe on the Maryland side of the Potomac. It is with mingled feelings of satisfaction and humiliation, that we realize this fact ; of satisfaction, because our army has been moved so quickly, and so safely, from the Wilderness of the Old Dominion into a land unpolluted by Rebellion, into a land where we find some assurance of devotion to the cause of our suffering country ; of humiliation, because this great Army of the Potomac, the best disciplined, and the most enthusiastic the world has ever seen, after having prosecuted an active warfare for eight eventful months, in the very heart of the enemy's country, now finds the tables turned, and itself under the sad necessity of falling back before the bold columns of the advancing foe, in order to save the Capital of the Nation, from an ignominious doom, and to protect the fair fields, and the beautiful cities, the family firesides and household Gods of our Northern homes, from the torch and the desecrating hand of the invader. This is an awful fact to realize, yet I think it a sad one, more on account of its relation to the past, than its relation to the future. Though the past is full of dark heavy clouds, of many misfortunes, of great losses, of awful disaster, and of little sunshine, and of victories few, yet I do not think the signs of to-day, are without many bright indications, considering the circumstances, which surrounded the ar-

my and the country, when this campaign was opened. I am inclined to think, that this audacious, and apparently successful move of the enemy, will give us the greatest chance for a grand victory, and eventuate in the destruction of the Confederate Army. It had become very evident, even to the blindest, that it would be impracticable to move on against the Rebel Capital, from the Rappahannock, and it was equally evident, that our position was very weak and utterly untenable, as our army could be easily outflanked, and our falling back became a necessity by the slightest menace on Washington. Now we find the enemy out from behind his strong-holds, and as he has presumed to organize a campaign of invasion, and conquest and finally has dragged his long length across the Potomac, I cannot see what there is to prevent our cutting off and making his retreat impossible, and covering him with ruin, before the autumn leaves begin to fall. I feel that this is the grandest chance of the hour, and that its glory shall be ours, if our Generals only prove themselves equal to the emergency. What, though the place differs, if we can only make the fields which are desecrated, the glorious battle-ground and the grave yard of the foe. I think that we should make the ruin of the rebel army more our object than the taking of Richmond, for Lee's army is the life of the Rebellion, and if we can destroy it, the conspiracy will be but a corpse. And it seems to me too, that our forces on the Peninsula ought to seize this golden opportunity, and move to the reduction of that modern Babylon. Perhaps they will. I really hope so. It is rumored that Gen. Hooker has resigned. I am sorry to hear it, for I think he has manifested more military ability, than any other Generals that have yet held the destinies of the Potomac Army. I understand that Hooker resigned because Halleck would not



let him engage Lee at Fairfax. I am enjoying good health notwithstanding we are marching from twenty to fifty miles per day. All the boys are in good health, and fine spirits. I am glad CHARLIE is coming down here. I know he will learn a good deal, and just as soon as we halt he will have a good position. If we go up into Pennsylvania, I guess he had better come to Harrisburgh, and then he can find where we are. Accept this from

CLARKE.

## CAMP IN WARRENTON, VA., July 30th, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLEY:

Nothing could have disappointed me more, or brought with it more sorrow and sadness, than did the tidings that you had come so near me, only to be turned, without any of the fine enjoyments which we had so long anticipated. For a good many weeks, I had been looking forward, with the brightest hopes, to the time when I might welcome you to the soldier home, and when we might again unite the golden ties of association which the hand of this cruel war had so abruptly broken asunder. But all is uncertainty in times like these, when revolutions are sweeping through the world, and states are swaying to and fro, like shipwrecks in a tempest. The great landmarks by which we had so long directed our course have fallen to the ground, and we are now wayward wanderers upon a desert, not knowing whither we are going. So, of course, we must expect that some of our reckonings will fall short of a realization, and leave us to grieve in the lurch of disappointment and misfortune.

Since I became assured that you were compelled to return home, I have tried to look at it in as favorable a light as possible, but consolation for the disappointment hardly ever comes to view. We are lying in line of battle near Hagarstown, momentarily expecting to be ordered to open upon the enemy, with the determination of crushing the rebel army, or of driving them into the Potomac.

When I first saw JOHN GRAY, and he told me of your ill luck in trying to get a pass, I was much grieved, yet



I trust your journey to the great capital and back again was not wholly in vain or entirely without its good results. I have reason to think that you saw, and heard, and learned enough of public, political and military life, to fully repay you for all the material expenditures that you were obliged to make.

It is one of the rarest opportunities for a young man, no older than you, to see so much of life, so many of our country's great wonders. What real objects we actually see in the world's great theater, we always remember; what public scenes we actually see enacted upon the great stage we never forget, not even their minutest details.— They form the world's philosophy, the thread of history, and they are always in our minds. We can hitch these threads to the shuttles of our own thoughts, and thus weave them into our own theories. When we travel through the country and mingle with all sorts of men, and look upon all the ten thousand phases of life, we can gather up a multitude of facts, electrify them with our brains, and send them flying messengers through society. The world is our sphere, and how can we direct our forces to meet its requisitions, unless we wander out into it to see what claims it has upon us, what duties we owe, what privileges we possess, what chances we can find, what courses there are to follow, what goals there are to gain, and what fortunes to be made. Men who never sally into the world, if ordinary by birth, will never be larger than the cradles in which they were rocked. If they naturally have strong and active minds, they will but be vain dreamers and extravagant idealists, to whom the world is a mighty phantom, and life but a passing dream. To them, events come and go, not as living realities, but as fitting shadows on the wall. We know the world only by coming in contact with it, and if we touch it on every

side, our knowledge of it will be nearly perfect, our ideas as broad as the world, our plans covering the wide sweep of life. No human being will be obliged to stand out in the cold, under the dripping cave-drops of our charity. No blanks would be found in the great record of our days upon the earth.

Well, CHARLEY, since I last wrote, we have had some very fine times, and others not so much to our peculiar liking. Yet we have no fault to find, as we have fared better than we might have expected. We have accomplished a good many long marches, and I hope we have done good enough, to cover all our hardships. After the battle of Gettysburg, our corps was pushed forward, to attack the rear of the retreating enemy. We, (I use the first person in writing, not egotistical but as a matter of convenience,) pressed them pretty far for about eight miles, taking a few wagons of timber and a good many prisoners. Here the corps halted, wrongly I think, for it appears that we might have pressed the whole of Ewell's corps to the wall, had we not been so slow and cautious. Such sights we never saw before, as fell under our observation that day. As soon as we had passed over the battle-fields, we came upon the spot where all the divisions of the rebel army were brought together from their positions in the fight, and joined in the column of retreat. Every farm-house and barn for five miles around bore the little "red flag" upon its gable end. Every floor, and every room, were crowded with rebel wounded, and every house was surrounded by quite a little tented village, which the rebels had left standing to cover their helpless companions. Besides, they obliged all, who could go on account of their wounds, to march with them, and they filled their ambulances with a thousand more. They made the country a perfect desolation, sweeping it of all

the land-marks of its former prosperity, and trampling all of its growing harvests beneath the accursed foot of invasion. None of the rules of civilized warfare were respected. They were wont to enter the quiet homes of unoffending families, pillaging them of the last morsel of bread, and even laying their sacriligious hands upon their most cherished house-hold gods.

As I said, the corps halted at night, near Fairfield, and we had a good rest. But early next morning, before daylight, our regiment was aroused, who with a squadron of cavalry, were sent out skirmishing. We had not advanced far, before we fell upon the rear-guard of the rebels, which was pretty strong, and it was not without pretty hard fighting, that we succeeded in driving them from their position, and pressing them onward in the retreat. We skirmished for about 3 o'clock, having pushed forward for over five miles, when we were relieved, and sent back to the remainder of the corps. That was a pretty hard day's work. But we had not been in camp many minutes, when orders came to pack up immediately, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Soon we were on the road. We marched all night, reaching Emmettsburgh at day-light, where we halted for an hour to get coffee. Emmettsburgh is a very fine city, about as large as Utica. It is one of the strongholds of Catholicism in this country. It has both a convent and a nunnery. Promptly as the hour expired, we formed the line of march again, and marched all day on the road leading to Frederick city. But a little before dark we turned off upon a by-road, which wound around through low lands, rocks, and woods, to the base of the Cotoeton Range of the South Mountains. By this time it was as dark as the shades of Erebus could make it.

Here we were, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, all jam

med in together, all in ehoas, all struggling to get out, thereby plunging ten times deeper into difficulty. The mountain towered up before us in the darkness, as if to touch the heavens. The narrow, rocky, shadowy aisle winds up the pass, four miles before it reaches the height, and wide enough for us, two abreast, and thus we slowly, very slowly, pursued our weary, nightly course. The higher we climbed, the darker it grew, for the woods grew denser until the trees on either side of our narrow way, interlocking their branches, made a perfect archway over our heads. Soon it began to rain, and it poured down as I never saw it before. Of course it became very muddy under our feet. The men began to tire out, and lay down by the way-side, with nothing to cover the cold, wet ground, and nothing to shelter them from the furious storm. Yet they rested and slept well, being so completely exhausted. Still we saw no signs of stopping, and still we moved on. Of course the wayside became lined with the soldiers who had done their best, but were not equal to the task. By midnight we stood upon the summit. By "we" I mean the General, Col. UPTON, some other officers and a few men. Some officers had no men. I had only six left in my company. There we stood. It was midnight ; it rained in torrents ; the mountain winds swept coldly through the cheerless wood. The ground was soaked with water. We were dripping, and covered with mud. We had eaten nothing since early morning, and were very hungry ; we had had no rest, and were weary. We had had no sleep, and were sleepy. But alas ! we had nothing to eat ; we had nothing to lie on ; we had nothing to cover us. A sorry night indeed, but we made the best of it. We lay down in the best places we could find, and, though it rained hard all night, being so tired, we slept well, and in the morning were consider-

ably rested. That day we marched to Middletown, a distance of eight miles, and by night nearly all that had fallen out the night before, had come up. One of the worst features of that mountain march, was the great number of men without shoes. In our heavy marches from the Rappahannock to Gettysburg, they had worn their shoes completely in pieces, and on account of the press of circumstances, they could not be supplied. They suffered severely, in trying to walk over the stones, which were as bad as anywhere in Pine Bush country, where we used to go black-berrying. Next day went to Boonsborough, and then by degrees, pushed on to Hagerstown. Then was the time that we had the rebel army in our grasp, and I think that it was in our power, to bring confusion to its ranks, and make it but a wreck of its former self. For three days, we lay in line of battle, in plain sight of the enemy, our lines advancing, as they slowly contracted theirs, and fell back towards the ford. For two days, the two extremes of our army rested upon the Potomac, forming a semi-circle, which could be described with a radius of three miles in length, and the enemy lay thus cooped up, helpless to save itself, should we make an attack, and diligently employing every expedient, to ensure a safe retreat across the river. Did we not have it in our grasp? Were we extravagant in our expectations of destroying the rebel army? It was well known that their ammunition was very short; that they were cut off from supplies, and that the "*morale*" of their army, was at the lowest ebb, that consternation and confusion reigned in their midst, and that hunger and exhaustion, were pressing them to the ground. It must have been known to our Generals, that Lee was not going to make a stand on the Maryland side of the Potomac, as he was continually drawing in his lines, from all sides, towards Williamsport.

This alone was evidence enough, that he was intent only on making good his escape. Even after he had commenced to cross, the fact was found out by our scouts, and duly communicated to Headquarters. Then would have been just the time to make the attack, from all points, and compel the flying remnant to lay down their arms, or plunge them into the river. It is reported that General Pleasanton thought very hard of Gen. Meade, because he did not snatch the golden opportunity, and win for himself a name, for his army Victory, and for his country Peace. I will not find fault with Gen. Meade, I only regret that Gen. Hooker did not have command of the army, at that juncture of affairs. For judging the man by his past career, I cannot think that he would not have been held back, with an anxious army, by the rear guard of a beaten and flying foe. I do not think I am an enthusiast in my confidence in Gen. Hooker. He was defeated at Chancellorsville, but he was defeated, not by the enemy, but by circumstances, against which no man could have provided, and by the mismanagement of his own Generals. When Lee started on his invasion into Maryland, it is said that Hooker did not know his plans, but he did a good deal better than any one else, and provided against them. In the first place, Lee sent Ewell up into the Shenandoah Valley, and at the same time pretended to be withdrawing all his forces from the Heights of Fredericksburg. He also started Longstreet northward. His object was, to draw Hooker clear up to Harper's Ferry, thus compelling him to uncover Washington. Then A. P. Hill with the main division of the rebels, which was still behind the Heights, was to come up in Hooker's rear, and make a dash upon our capital. Gen. Hooker saw this, and hence his tardiness in evacuating the Rappahannock. He found out that the whole of the rebel army had not



set out towards the north, and that Hill was there alone. He then asked permission to cross the Rappahannock, after having sent the 12th corps up to Fairfax Court House, to cover Washington, saying that he could fight Gen. Hill and scatter his division to the winds, and then move his army up, so as to protect the capital, before Ewell and Longstreet could get to it by the way of Shenandoah Valley. But Gen. Halleck forbade him. He then moved the whole army, with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of this war, up and around Fairfax Court House, and halted for a few days. This act, for which he has been censured so much, defeated the plans of Lee, and compelled him to do as he did. It was not the original plan of Gen. Lee to invade Pennsylvania, but to draw Hooker from the covering of Washington, and to throw one of his divisions upon Alexandria, and our capital. Hence Gen. Hooker was obliged to wait at Fairfax, until all the rebel army had passed up, by the gaps, which opened from the Shenandoah Valley, into the very doorway of Washington.

When he had defeated their plans, and saw that they had jumped upon the alternative of making a general move into Pennsylvania, he organized our campaign, the one upon which we acted, the one in which we were victorious. That campaign Gen. Hooker, conceived and organized, five days before Gen. Meade took command of the Army of the Potomac. Who then deserves the praise? After he had done this, he ordered the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, deeming that place of no use to us, while the forces there would swell our small army to proportions equal to meet the superior numbers of the invading host. But this order was revoked by Gen. Halleck, who said it would not do to evacuate that place which had cost us so much, and that he regarded it as the



"key to our present and future success." Gen. Hooker responded, "What is the key worth after the door has been smashed in?" Other orders of his were disregarded and he asked to be relieved. You will notice that they afterwards saw the wisdom of his plan, when they, themselves ordered the evacuation of the same place. Hooker made the remark, that, "While in command he had to fight twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, while the enemy had to fight but two hours in the same time."—That shows who is responsible for the moves of this great army.

Well, CHARLIE, I had begun to think that the light of day was about to dawn upon our country again, but when I see those dark clouds rising up from the North, and spreading so fast over the country, I hardly know what to think. I am prepared for the worst and hope for the best. I could hardly have been made to believe that our Government would ever have been obliged to take regiments from the small and weak army to force Northern Americans out into the field to defend their imperilled country. Yet such is the case. To-day two regiments from this division were sent to New York for that purpose. We have fallen upon sad times indeed, and although sad, I still hope they will be blessed. I think those riotous manifestations will help the rebellion very much.

You may think I have changed my views since my last letter. I have, I will admit. But then I had not heard that the spirit of resistance prevailed so freely, and that it received so much countenance from the chief officials of the State.

We are finely located at present within a quarter of a mile of Warrenton. This is the very finest town I have yet seen in Virginia, the great seat of aristocracy, wealth

and what is called Southern refinement. It is a place, I should think, of six thousand inhabitants, all bitter secessionists and absorbed, heart and money, in the rebellion. Of course no business is done here but by Government authorities, all the stores and manufactories being shut up. But few men are seen ; they are all serving the rebellion, either upon the earth or below it. As we wander through the streets we cannot fail to notice how many of the women, who are strolling about the yards, are dressed in mourning. This is an emblem of something worse than death—of treason.


And it is interesting to notice too, as we march through the cities and villages of this State, that the many slave-pens, the palaces of this modern Egypt, are all vacant, all deserted, all in ruins. Nothing lingers there, but perhaps the ghosts of poor slaves, tortured to death. The doors are all knocked in. Moss is gathering upon the sill. Daylight gleams into the furthest recesses. We see no weeping inmates gazing wistfully through the iron grates. These are the lessons of this war, the death sentence of slavery. So you see they are not all written in blood. Even now, slavery in this State, is but a shadow of its former self, and even that shall not darken our country's history much longer. What few slaves are left, are rapidly coming into our lines to seek the blessing of manhood beneath the Ægis of American Liberty. The more I see of the negro race, the better is my opinion of him. They certainly possess many superior traits, and under the sunshine of liberal civilization, will yet attain to a higher circle in the family of man. I do not know how long we shall remain here. I see no signs of moving yet. Since I have been here, I have had to work pretty hard, as we have had no chance to do anything in company business, since we started from the Rappahannock.

I have had to make out the pay rolls, and two quarterly returns, and settle up all the clothing account for the last quarter, which gave me all I wanted to do. Hereafter I hope to have more time to write home. I wish you were with me now, but as we are liable to move at any time, I do not know as I could ask you to try again, fearing you may meet with some ill-luck as before, especially as the time is so short, between now and the proud time when you will go to college. Let me encourage you, to never falter in your course, never yield to any of the allurements that will continually beset your pathway, but push on to goal and a great reward will be your prize. But, CHARLEY, I must close, and you must excuse the many shortcomings of this letter, as I am somewhat tired from other duties. I have not been able to give it much interest. I wish I could say more to cheer and encourage you. Give my love to all, and for me, ask each and every one, to remember me and write to me often. My thoughts go out to them every day and every hour, and nights as I sleep soundly upon the ground, ten-thousand busy fancies, bring their images to my mind. Remember me to all the good neighbors and accept this from

Your Brother

CLARKE.

It will be seen by this that I had been disappointed in my proposed visit to the 121st. I staid in Washington two or three days, but as the battle of Gettysburgh was going on, no passes were granted, so I turned back with a heavy heart.

 The following is the last letter ever received by our parents, and breathes forth that heart-felt devotion toward his dearest friends, which always marked his associations with them :

CAMP OF THE 121ST, NEAR NEW BALTIMORE, }  
August 15th, 1863. }

MY DEAR PARENTS :

It is with much happiness, that I find myself possessed of another favorable opportunity to write you a few lines. Sometimes, after I have waited very anxiously for a long time to hear from you, and when it seemed that you were fast forgetting me, and cared but little to keep that social correspondence, which has been such a fruitful source of joy to me, I have almost made up my mind that I would retaliate for what I deem so hard in you, by not writing to you again till I heard from you. But such retaliatory feelings so full of wrong would soon pass away, and every time they have come and gone, I have deemed my duty to write to you, often doubly strong. Every thought of you (and they are frequent amid my many cares,) which every day crowd upon my brain, seems to bring to mind a hundred tokens of your ever constant care and kindness, a hundred scenes, in which I have played the pleasantest sports of life, a hundred sacred images, with which I have associated during so many happy hours of my life around your warm fireside, and beneath your broad and protecting roof. And when I sit down to write you a letter, it seems as though I am at home, and all the familiar habits and customs of our past domestic life are passing before me, like a train of breathing household idols. I feel as though I am really conversing with you, face to

face, in the old cheerful kitchen, as I was wont to do, in days gone by. So, knowing as you do, how well I used to like to sit down by a warm fire in that good old room, and talk with you concerning the current topics, and controverted questions of the day, you can realize somewhat of the substantial pleasure I enjoy, when for a little time I lay aside the duties of camp, banish from my sight the steel armor and the bloody visage of fraternal war, and write you a few of the thoughts which spring up in my mind. It is Saturday night again, and darkness is fast falling upon us. The bustle and hum have not ceased in the camp. More than a hundred persons are frolicking up and down the cool shaded streets. More than a hundred merry voices sing out upon the vesper air, each a part of the grand chorus of camp music in the army.—All are contented, as they never were before. All are light-hearted as they never were before. A common happiness seems to pervade all hearts, and a divine light seems to shed its effulgence upon their common pathway. Heaven grant that they may ever feel so contented, so cheerful, so proud, so strong, and so happy ! Last Tuesday our regiment returned from a short raid, the purpose of which was, as the Colonel called it, a measure to carry Jefferson Davis' Conscription Act into effect. I suppose you are well aware of the effort on the part of the Confederate President, to impress all men, able to bear arms, into the ranks of his shattered army. We left camp on Friday morning about 4 o'clock, and marched to White Plains, a distance of about ten miles—a village, which, since our army left it in the rear, has been one of the central rendezvous of guerrillas, from which they have constantly prayed upon our outposts, and the weak parts of our line. We made our way very cautiously to the town, hoping to catch some of those fiends. But in this we were dis-

appointed, by their having apprehended our approach, and having made safe their hasty retreat. Nevertheless, the village was thrown into great consternation and confusion, as we marched down into it, and stacked arms in its most public place. Notes were immediately sent to the leading families in town that a certain number of Union officers would be there for dinner and supper.—Notwithstanding the intense enmity that they universally cherished toward us, we were very cordially received, and bountifully served with the very best they had in their possession. During the day we had a good opportunity to converse with the citizens, and learn the general feeling with regard to the war, and the issues involved.—What we learned in that little village, has been confirmed by every experience we have had in our wanderings through Virginia. There were but very few men indeed in town, but the few all express the common sentiment, that they wished the war was at an end, and that they were willing to come under the old stars and stripes, as loyal citizens, and to lift their right arms, in defence of the Union and the Government which our fathers gave us. But a different feeling exists among the women. They are universally in sympathy with the rebellion, and cherish the most bitter feelings toward our cause—its helpers, and its followers. Indeed they are perfect fanatics in their devotion to their unholy cause, and I believe that their zeal, and their words, are the greatest stimulus a rebel soldier has. They will tell us that they urge their brothers and their sons to fight till the last Yankee bites the dust—until their flag shall wave triumphantly over the ruins of the Union. Their zeal, so mad, knows no limitation, and their last dollar is ready for the cause. Of course, I do not fear that they will ever receive any return for their devotion, unless it be the harvest of retribution which



this war is fast maturing for them. But, we can but admire the single heartedness, the sleepless anxiety, the untiring devotedness, the constant hopefulness, which to-day, are the active forces in the lives of the women of the South. Surely the spirit, which they have exercised throughout this struggle, contrasts greatly with that which our own women of the North have spread abroad over the country and the army. I believe that many sons of the North are home to-day, living ingloriously, under the heavy clouds which overhang the nation, who would have come forth long ago into the tented field, had they not been discouraged and dissuaded by their mothers and their sisters. This is not true in the South. It is strange to notice that, while they regard us as deadly enemies, and attribute to us all the horrid proportions of the invader, crusader and destroyer, they have not smothered any of the feelings of kindness, of mercy, of justice, and of charity, which the breath of Deity first awakened in each and every heart, to be the common, immortal gravitation of the human race. The fires of human sympathy still brightly burn upon the altar of their hearts, and while they would hurl a doom upon us as soldiers, they invoke a blessing upon us as men, and fellow-creatures. While we were at White Plains, I suffered very severely with the ear-ache. Finally, I went to one of the houses, and—(I guess you will excuse me for sending such a looking letter ; you will see with what convenience we soldiers write. I was writing out doors, and a sudden, fitful gust of wind blew away my paper, and tipped over the ink bottle). I believe I was speaking about my ear-ache. I told the inmates how I was afflicted, and they immediately set themselves to work, in getting up expedients for my relief. They seemed deeply concerned. I could not have been cared for more at home.



Yet these people were the most inveterate secessionists, and hesitated not to say that they hoped that every northern Soldier, who has invaded their sacred soil, would forfeit his life in what they called "The Unholy Crusade." Notwithstanding their treason, and their ambition for ruin and blood, they are hospitable, generous and kind. At night we started out and marched till morning, searching every house on the road. We were in hopes of finding some of Moseby's men. We arrived at Middleburg just at daylight. The town is about as large as Newport. We surrounded it in the first place, and searched every house. We took the people wholly by surprise, and they evinced much indignation at our independent, but perfectly courteous career through the village. By the time that we had made the circuit around to our camp again, we had taken five of Moseby's men, twelve citizens who would come under Davis' call, and about 80 horses. One day the Colonel sent me with fifteen men, to scour the country out on the right flank. I understood his orders, and by noon, when I returned to the main body of the regiment in the road, we all had good horses to ride, and four prisoners that we had taken. The Colonel seemed quite well pleased. Though we did not succeed in capturing Moseby and his command, yet we felt assured that we gave him a pretty good scare, and a right smart chase. At least we got them in pretty close quarters, and their skulking here and there through the woods showed pretty well that they felt in no way secure.

While we were moving down the road from Middleburg to Salem, the Colonel saw four horsemen coming up from another direction, and making their way to a large stone house off in the field ahead of us. The Colonel told me to take some men, and going up through the ravine, to deploy around in the rear of the house, and then close in

on it from all directions. But by the time I arrived there the horsemen had gone off on a gallop down another road, and I only arrived in time to see them fleeing over the hills beyond. There were none but women at the house, who manifestly were greatly frightened and embarrassed. I asked them who those horsemen were who had been there. They said no one had been there. This I knew to be false. I asked them where they had gone, and they convicted themselves by trying to tell me where they had gone. There were several negro women around, all very intelligent, and as true to our cause as they are free by the Law of God. One of them followed us to the milk-house, and while giving us some milk, assured us that the horsemen of whom I had spoken, were Mosby himself and some of his men; that he had been around there several days, and that she hoped we might capture him and bring upon his unholy head the doom which he had executed upon many of our poor soldiers. The weather at present is excessively hot, yet we have become so accustomed to it, that we get along very well. The general health of the Regiment, is very good. Only one death has occurred from sickness since we broke camp at White Oak Church. It is uncertain how long we shall remain here, probably not a great while. Day before yesterday we were ordered to be in readiness to move at any time. Rumor then said that we were going to Charleston. I almost hope it is true. Who can ask for a prouder hour, than that which shall behold the fall of that great citadel of Rebellion, the Babylon of the Western world. As that city rocked this rebellion in its infancy, so may its ruins be made to cover the carcass of the monster it nurtured into life.—There may not be much probability in this report, so you need not be surprised either way. We are in a very pleasant place now, but still we get uneasy in the army if we

do not move around, and are not in the midst of excitement. We were paid off a few days ago, for May and June. Enclosed I send you a draft for \$130, which you can use as you deem proper. I should have sent more but I bought a watch, (which I very much needed) and have not been paid all due me, from other officers. We shall probably be paid again in the early part of next month. It costs considerable for us to live, as provisions and clothes cost pretty well, but I have tried to use as much economy as possible, in order to save as much as I can for my future wants and exigencies. I think I save as much as any one in the Regiment, and hence I feel pretty well satisfied. I have never lost sight for a moment, of the course I had laid out for my future life, nor have I ever felt like throwing up any of my plans, and embarking upon a new career in the world. I have become convinced, that we can never make much of a mark upon a century, without we work diligently and constantly, and I am in hopes that I, at least, can fulfill my mission, if I employ all the golden hours and opportunities that pass by the door of every man's home. I wish you would have CHARLEY send me a few stamps. It is impossible to get them here. I have not yet received from ELEAZER, an answer to my last letter. I hope he has not forgotten me entirely. Let me urge you and CHARLEY too, to write as often as you can ; also CAROLINE and NANCY and the children. I wish some of the good neighbors would write to me occasionally. Nothing would give me more pleasure, than to hear from them directly and to answer them. I know I agree with a great many of them upon the great issues of the day, and if I am worthy of their consideration, I hope our friendly intercourse and relations may not be broken or lost. Hoping to hear from you soon again I will close.

CLARKE.

CAMP OF THE 121ST, NEW BALTIMORE, VA., }  
August 22d, 1863. }

MY DEAR BROTHER DANIEL :

It is the eventide of a warm, beautiful summer afternoon, and as the quiet shades have been gathering around us, and the noise and bustle of the departing day have been dying away upon the vesper air, I have been sitting alone, in my little tented home, anxiously wondering what you may be doing ; by what circumstances and associations you may be surrounded ; what prospects are before you ; how the selfish world and its people deal with you ; what emotions are swelling up in your warm and generous breast, (happy, I hope) ; and above all, I have been wishing, longing, that I might get a letter from you, telling me you are well and in good spirits. And as I have been thinking this, the fear which has often lurked in my mind of late, that you did not receive my last letter, has swollen itself almost into a conviction, and as I have a short time at my disposal, it is with a heart full of rapture and alacrity, that I sit down to write to you again. O ! Daniel, you will never realize what real pleasure, what substantial joy, what unbounded satisfaction and pride, the white-winged spirit of your letter brought to my soldier home. It was written when the snow lay upon the ground like a heavy mantle, and the dry, dead leaves lay beneath as the faded robe which time throws off here and there, and the chilly winds were sighing through the pines, as though they were breathing the dirge for some departed friend. But in the midst of this somber season, this annual gloom, your letter, so kind, so noble, well composed, came to me like a swift-winged messenger

from a summer land, whispering in tones of sweetest music, breathing the incense of choicest roses, and weaving summer sunshine all around. Many a time have I read it, and the more I read it, the better it sounds. Don't think me extravagant. I know I only appreciate its real merit. It is the outpouring of a warm and generous soul, the music from heart chords swept by divine fingers, and partakes not of the studied art, of the cold selfishness, of the dead formality, which appear so extensively in the intercourse, and relation of modern society. I hate to wait so long. I anxiously hope and wish to hear from you often, and yet, I think I can afford to wait half a year, for such worthy letters. It is worth a thousand of the chaffy, soulless letters, which generally pass between friends and relatives. Daniel, I tell you, a great many changes have taken place since I wrote to you before. The current of events has swept on like a river in a storm. The conflict in which we are engaged, has raged with awful fury, assumed many different aspects, and, I think, has passed the crisis hour of its progress and its destiny. Battles have been fought as never before. The army of treason turned its columns Northward, and the dark tide of invasion has swept over loyal soil. But it was like the last surge of a sinking sea ; the gasping breath of a hopeless and dying cause. The rebel army was driven to desperation. They saw the shackles of the Mississippi breaking away. They saw the army of the Cumberland about to move on to Chattanooga. They saw the huge coils of the Government's power, slowly but surely closing around them, and their last and only chance, was to bound from these tightening environs, and seek, as a forlorn hope, to establish a new foot-hold, upon soil not yet desecrated.

And though they did make the frightful plunge, though they did sweep the line, with which we opposed them,

though they did unfurl the base emblem of their nationality to the free winds of the north, yet that emblem soon trailed in the dust, the columns of that army tottered and scattered at Gettysburg, as if swept by the dark wings of an avenging angel, and crest-fallen, powerless, and demoralized, it fell back, covered with more shame and humiliation than did the army of Napoleon from Moscow in ashes, and the ice-bound regions of the north. I wish I could describe to you our pilgrimage, and all its attending scenes, from the Rappahannock, up to Edward's Ferry, thence to Gettysburg, and back almost to the Rappahannock again. But it would fill a large book—that is, a connected, detailed account of our experience. Of course you have heard that we were in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, on the 2d, 3d and 4th of May. We are in Sedgwick's corps you will remember, and his command suffered most heavily of all. We were under pretty sharp artillery fire for four or five days, but did not suffer much from that. We were part of the line that moved upon the heights, and carried them on the morning of the third. You cannot imagine how good the old Stars and Stripes appeared; what a current of enthusiasm, and of national pride, thrilled the breast of every soldier, when we saw them wave triumphantly over the heights, which had frowned the great army down, for five long weary months. But the day's work was not yet half done. The rebel forces flew so hurriedly and in such confusion, that all were convinced that they were on the full retreat. But in this we were mistaken. They only fell back to their second line of defence, and when we followed on in quick pursuit, a doom hung over us, which sealed the fate of many a poor soldier boy, and cast a shadow over many a home. Our forces were repulsed with a terrible loss, our regiment losing 273 men, killed,



wounded and missing. Capt. THOMAS ARNOLD was killed ; also FRED. FORD, son of ALBERT FORD. The next day the whole of the rebel army turned upon our corps, and advanced upon us, from three sides, but we managed to repel them till dark, when we beat a hasty retreat to the river and began to cross. The rebels hung close upon our heels, and had it not been for the deep darkness, destruction would certainly have been our lot. Ours was the last regiment to cross the river, as we had covered the retreat. The daylight was just about to break when we got over and took up the pontoons. You can imagine our awful anxiety, as the morning hours began to approach. That was the most horrid night I ever experienced. I would give you more particulars about this, one of the very greatest battles of history, but I presume you have read all about it, long ere this. Our campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania was one of the most extensive and massive anywhere to be found in the annals of war. The army made some awful marches, especially the 6th, Sedgwick's corps, as it constituted the extreme right of the army. We often marched all day and night, during the hottest, and most dusty season of the year. And yet it was done with the most willing spirits by the patriot soldiers. The battle of Gettysburg began on the first day of July. At night of that day our corps was at Manchester, thirty-five miles from the scene of action. At eight o'clock that very night we took up the line of march. We traveled all night, without food or rest, and kept on till 2 o'clock the next day, when we stopped an hour and a half, to get coffee. By 4 o'clock we were on the field of battle, and were only just in time to save the most important position in our line, and to decide the issue of that bloody battle. I think you will have to look in vain, for records of heavier marching.



We followed up the retreating army, till it crossed the Potomac, and fled down the Shenandoah Valley. It seems as though we ought to have destroyed the enemy, before he had crossed the river, but it is hard to fix the blame for not doing it upon any one. Had our Generals known what they afterwards learned, they certainly would have done very differently. But from a year's experience in the army, I have learned that we are in duty bound to exercise a good deal of charity towards our Generals.—For it is very much easier to handle a great army upon an imaginary board, then upon the field of battle, especially in the enemy's country, and under the most untoward circumstances. At present, this army is lying in camp, and probably will make no material change in its position until filled up with conscripts. And then I hardly look for a forward move by the Potomac army. The future policy of the war seems to be for Gen. Meade to keep Lee in check, and to defend the National Capital, while the armies in the south and south-west overthrow the strongholds in their way, subjugate the country, and move northward by gradual approaches toward Richmond, the center and base of the rotten Confederacy. This seems like a most excellent course to drive on the war horse, until he shall trample the last vestige of rebellion into the ground. Surely the cause of the Union looks very fair and promising, since the victories of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg, and Helena have perched upon its banner. The tables have been turned ; the dark night of disaster and gloom is passing away ; the bow of promise bends over the land, and the time is not very far distant when we shall have a united people again, strong in unity, happy in fraternity, prosperous in peace. Now, while we are in camp, our duties are quite light,—only drilling two or three hours a day and having dress parade and inspec-

tion, two or three times a week. We live in little shelter tents,—that is homes made of four or five pieces of cotton cloth, about the size of a bed sheet. By building up little frames with posts, boards, or rails, and using these tents for roofs, we have quite comfortable quarters. When the army gets into winter, or permanent quarters, all the officers have large tents twelve by fifteen feet across.—These are quite convenient. Each officer is entitled to one enlisted man, to cook for him, and who is excused from all other duty. On the march, we have pack mules to carry our blankets, tents, and all that we need to have with us on a campaign. All the necessaries of life, are furnished us by the commissary department, and at very reasonable prices. Sutlers bring in many of the luxuries, so we are enabled to live very well indeed. Col. Upton has been commanding the brigade for some time, but Gen. Bartlett, coming back again for a few days, places him again at the head of the regiment. He has the finest prospects as a military man, and unless his life is beset by more than the ordinary misfortunes of man, he will yet occupy an exalted position, as he does now in fact, in the esteem of all who know him.

I think there are very few now in the regiment with whom you are acquainted. I don't know of any but WARD RICE and LUZERNE TODD, or "SAM," as we used to call him in school boy days. They are both well, and make good soldiers. CAMERON, once with us as Lieut., has gone the way prepared for the living. WILBUR LAMBERSON is also dead. \* \* \* \*

I am now 1st Lieut. ; was transferred to Co. F on the 14th day of May, which company I have had the honor of commanding ever since. Without wishing to brag, I will tell you what may seem rather egotistical : that I have as good looking a company, and under as good disci-

pline, and drill, as any in the regiment. My name has been forwarded by the Colonel to Gov. Seymour, for a commission as Captain. I shall not get it until the regiment is filled up, which will not be long hence, as there can be no promotions till then. My pay is now \$115 per month, and ten dollars extra, for commanding the company. So I have some chance to lay up something as a base for my future wants, and future operations. You asked me my plans. I still adhere to my purpose, to get a good education and then study law. I shall try to aim high in life, but I shall not be awfully disappointed if I do not hit the mark. Nevertheless, I am hopeful of making something of a mark upon the period in which I live. There is nothing in the world that I like as well as public speaking. There is no profession, in which I would like to gain a reputation, as well as in law. I have had a little practice in the former, I know not how I shall get along in the latter. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to go to California, if you and GEORGE stay there. I feel assured that some western country can offer better inducements to a young man than the east.

I hear from home quite often, and they always speak of you and GEORGE, and you cannot think what an anxiety they have for you. I wish you would come home and see our family. It would do father and mother so much good, now, as they are gliding so swiftly down the decline of life. May God bless those good parents, and all my brothers and sisters!

Now, DANIEL, I must close, but O ! with what reluctance! It seems as though I had been talking with you. May the grace of heaven ever rest upon you, and wherever on this broad earth you may roam, may your happiness be as deep as the sea, and your heart as light as the foam.

Remember me kindly to all friends at home, and now  
farewell.

From

CLARKE.

P. S.—Give my sincere love to GEORGE. Ask him to  
write often. I have not heard from him in a long while.  
I will write to him in a few days. I fear you cannot get  
much sense from this letter, for as I am officer of the day,  
I have been continually interrupted, and obliged to write  
in haste.

C.

## HIS LAST LETTER.

CAMP OF THE 121ST, N. Y. V., NEW }  
BALTIMORE, VA., Aug. 31, 1863. }

MY DEAR SISTER :

I have been waiting a long time, in the hope of hearing from you. It seems as though you ought to write to me, at least once a week. I feel assured that you take interest enough in my welfare to prompt you to write thus often, and whenever an unlucky week passes without bringing me a letter, I never feel like attributing it to any needless neglect on your part, but am made to deprecate the unfortunate circumstances, that, as by the decree of Fate, turned your noble efforts elsewhere. It would be ingratitude, indeed, and skepticism, the most unrighteous, for me to cherish any feelings of distrust, as to the constancy, with which your thoughts have followed me in my soldier's career, and as to the anxiety with which you watched for my fortunes, and my destiny. I feel no better assured of anything in the world, than that your sympathy and friendship for me are as deep as a noble sister's heart, and that your solicitation for my safety and success, is as steadfast, as restless as the current of our lives. Your letters are so full of love, of friendship, of solicitude, of charity, and of sympathy, life's electricity, and mutual force, that they seem to impart to me, for the time at least, a new, a better, and a stronger life, and more of the graces and the beauties of the human soul. And thus it gives me so much satisfaction, so much joy, to receive a letter from you, and so much disappointment and sorrow, to see the mail come night after night, and

as it comes, it is distributed among the eager throng, with none, none for me ! O ! how great is the fall from the halo-wreathed altitude of Hope, down to the dim, shadowy sink of disappointment. At morning man's hopes, and anticipations, and aspirations, begin to twine around, and climb up the golden pillar of the hours, as if to bloom eternally upon the noon-day, but at night, the chilly dampness comes, and they droop downward to the base, like frost-bitten vines in Autumn. In the morning, hope comes laughing to our doors, to bid us come forth into the day, but at night he goes away weeping, and like a gray haired man, surely tottering to the grave. Don't think me complaining of the circumstances, and accidents, and chances, and destiny, in which a benign Providence has enshrouded the lot and the life of man. O, no ! I can not complain, until I think myself able to conceive, or institute a better economy, and how wicked and blasphemous it would be, for mortal man to think to improve upon the universal idea and system of the Infinite. I know I am always liable to paint the picture of life in rather too shady colors, and you will ever make allowances in me, for any affected melancholy.

As you will see by the heading of this letter, we are still at New Baltimore, and on the same duty—the duty of protecting the extreme right wing of the army of the Potomac. The location of New Baltimore, as you will see by reference to the map, is in the valley, but a few miles from the base of the Blue Ridge, and but a few miles from Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps—nature's great gateways through the mountains into the blooming paradise of the Shenandoah Valley. The enemy holds these gaps ; also all the valley beyond. So you will see, the army's safety depends, a very great deal, upon our brigade, as our moving, in case of an attack, would enable it

to get into position before the enemy could possibly get to us, in very strong force. Before the war broke out this was the most wealthy, and prosperous section of Virginia. But since that evil day, it has been swept and cursed, as if it had been the chosen victim of divine retribution. It has been the great highway, on which both armies have moved backwards and forwards ; the great common, on which the two mighty forces have met, and by hardest fighting, have contended for the success of their principles and purposes. Of course, nothing is left but a wreck of its former self. It is like a wilderness, where once an Eden bloomed ; even as bad as an Egyptian desolation, upon the sacred banks of the Euphrates. Were it not for the presence of the army here, it would be as quiet as a New England Sabbath, as lonely as a deserted village, in the Old World. Only think of a country swept of its fences, the fields changed to desolate wastes, the well-sweeps broken, the gardens turned into commons, and no husbandmen to awaken the glad echoes of the woods, and the nymphs themselves hidden under the rocks. No cattle are pasturing in the valleys. No sheep are climbing the hill-sides. No horse's hoof is heard upon the highway. Alas ! this is haughty, proud Virginia, in her trial, her sorrow, and her humility. Oh ! an evil day was that for the Old Dominion, when she hauled down the flag of our fathers, and raised her unrighteous arm against the Government of the land. Truly, indeed, did she "sow the wind to reap the whirlwind." Last Sunday, part of the regiment led by Lieut. Col. OLCOTT, went out on another raid, not so extensive, however, as the former one, and hardly so successful, so far as it concerns horses and guerrillas. We went up, and passed through Thoroughfare Gap, a place quite historic now, and I presume you have often read of it. It was through this Gap,




that Gen. Johnston passed when he reinforced the rebels at the time of the first Bull Run battle, and thus turned the issue of that memorable fight against us. This Gap is but a few miles from that historic battle ground. Had Gen. Patterson done his duty and headed off Johnston at that Pass, which he could have done easily enough, as it is an American Thermopylæ, we would have been successful, and this rebellion would have been suppressed long before this. Our purpose in this raid, was to see if we could not capture any of the guerrillas, which still are hovering around us, like vultures over their anticipated prey. In this we were not successful, but we had a glorious time, I can assure you. We stopped at many of the houses, many of the once luxuriant homes of the aristocracy and wealthy, and it was amusing to hear the women spit forth their bitterness upon us crusaders, as they were pleased to call us. But by being moderate we could always cool them down before we left, and at last make them acknowledge that they wished the war would close.

The health of the regiment is very good indeed, and finer spirits never prevailed. We drill some every day, and time passes very pleasantly, as well as rapidly. I really wish I could go home while CAROLINE is there. I hardly dare hope to get away this fall. But I assure you I will not let an opportunity pass. You need not fear that I will go home and not see you. I hope to see the last battle of this war fought this autumn, so that an honorable and permanent peace may be fixed upon before spring. The signs are bright. I must close, NANCY. Write as often as you can and accept this with much affection

From

CLARKE.

 The above was the last word received from CLARKE by letter. It seems to have been written in a sad, lonely mood, as though he almost

felt he was bidding us good-bye forever. Oh, little did he think, when he said "he would like to come home while our dear sister who had been absent so long, was there," that in a few short weeks, he would indeed go home forever. Yes, to his eternal home.

No one but those that have been absent from home many months know how sad it makes anyone feel to have the mails come day after day, and nothing from home, no news from the dear ones that are gathered around the family hearth. No wonder that he felt sad. Ah, you that have soldier friends, do not forget to write to them often, encourage them and give them your deepest love, and be assured that it will be seed sown upon good soil.

We were in the habit of writing to CLARKE once and twice a week but the army was so in motion that sometimes letters would not reach him. Hence his depression of spirits. In fact, I think we never received a letter from him during all the time of his service, written in such a sad mood. This was one great satisfaction in reading CLARKE's letters, that they were always so full of hope and devotion to the cause of the country. We always felt ashamed after reading his letters, for indulging in the slightest suspicion of the failure of the government to overthrow the rebellion, when her soldiers seemed so determined in the cause for which they fought.

The preceding was the last of CLARKE's letters. We have arranged them in the order of their receipt. We have selected a few of his orations written while in school at Fairfield. Let it be remembered that we have not collected these writings for the benefit of anyone except ourselves. And if some critic in looking them over should see many faults both in style and sentiment, let him understand that if divested of this originality characterizing them we could not see CLARKE's image in every page and line as we do now. We want to think of CLARKE just as he was. We loved him better for all his faults. He was our hope, our pride, and now that he is dead and gone, we will not mutilate his memory by trying to make him appear different from himself—yes! O CLARKE, your memory shall be sacred. We will prize it higher than our lives, better than riches.

## LIFE FORCES.

—:o:—

A true life tide never ebbs, and never lingers here and there. Its sweep is eternity, and its ramifications stretch throughout creation. A single pulsation of a great heart can ripple an age with the curling waves of sympathy, and by a single beat, infuse the inspiration of a better life through the economy of existence. Man can live an eternity in three-score years and ten, and though but the inhabitant of a lonely cot, he may preside over the destinies of a generation and sit a master spirit in the council chambers of the world. Dangers vanish before the true hero's glance, like the dim spectres of a dream, before the lightning flash of reality, and obstacles crumble under the tread of a strong man, as if crushed underneath the iron wheel of destiny. Though luck and chance constitute the philosophy of the game of life, yet the skillful player can get the trumps at every dealing, and is sure to win, for he can "play it alone," in every strife.

Though fate presides over the logic of events, dealing out lots to the fortune seekers of earth, yet there are men in every age, Gods indeed, who seem to stretch out their iron fingers and snatch those very fates from their high places, binding them as slaves to their iron wills, and making them willing agents in their schemes. Time seems to be the world's olympic course, and all mankind are racers for an appointed goal,—competitors for the highest prize of life. Hark! the world's clock has struck the third signal of the hour. Clouded dust curls

in spiral columns towards the heavens, and a heavy tread resounds upon the hollow earth, like the tramp of a swiftly advancing army. The cheer of triumph, the wail of discouragement, the hoarse curse of despair, the heartless laugh of ridicule, mingled in solemn chorus, float upon the reluctant air. Surely the common race has begun.— A generation is rushing with frightful speed down the life course of the word. The shadowy forms of ten thousand destinies, sit like presiding spirits over the race, and like the welling messengers of old Fate, cheer on with alluring hopes, the favored ones of his arbitrary will, and cast subtle meshes, to entangle the forsaken victims of his disfavor. And lo ! what aspects cast their varied colors upon the world's unerring vision, as its anxious eye watches the race, and idly roams from time's judgment seat, down the curriculum of existence. Well might Justice exclaim "O, cold disparity, when shalt thou be undone ?" Well might the angel of mercy cry, "O, iron-hearted Fate, where is thy charity ?" Well might fallen Faith murmur, "O, Nature where is thy boasted Harmony ?" Well indeed might the hoary-headed Genius of History weep with a broken heart, as she sits by the world's great hearth stone, and with quivering lips tells the sad tale to the anxious children of posterity. For although the racers start forth together, at a common signal, how different are the gaits with which they travel ! How distantly apart are the goals they reach ! How unequal the prizes they win ! How varied the tracks they leave behind them !

Some speed down the life-course as swiftly and nimbly as the fleet Antelope, skipping over the plain. Others decrepit with moral rheumatism, go weaving from side to side, sadly limping all the way, and stumbling at every stride. Soon a few representative spirits sally forth from the deep embattled ranks of their generation, quickly dis-

appearing in the dim distance down the winding course, and their clarion shouts of triumph make the welkin ring, while others, drones and idlers, O ! how many, are swept onward in the race by the common crowd, like the idle floodwood on the sweeping tide. Some take their eternal rest on the highest summit that towers upward along the track of life. While others, before the course is half run, go tumbling down some rocky precipice, to end their bitter days in the lower depths of remorse and woe. A few win prizes worthy the royal blood of man and weave for themselves the chaplets of immortal glory ; others weave for themselves with their idle fingers, the dark shroud of oblivion, the death-toga of the tomb. Some trace their life-track as straight as if marked by a compass, and as enduring as a groove chiseled in a rock. But others leave a footpath, as crooked as the winding of the ripples in the water, and as stayless as the worm-trail in the sand.—Some men become swift racers by industrious training.—Others are limping laggards by habitual idleness. Some by ambition are willing competitors in the race. Others are dreamy drones by indifference, and balky by contumacy. The few are winners, because they have a purpose and a will to seek it.

The many are disconsolate losers, because they are not earnest in the race ; as fickle as the idle winds, they sheer off at every shadow, and falter at every turn. The life-forces are the soul of earnestness, and without earnestness life would be but the idle game of the chess-board, the sham-drama of a theatre. Indeed, to the greater part of mankind, the world seems more like a shadowy ideality, than a solid reality ; time, only an everlasting night ; existence, but an eternal sleep. They swoon in the fatal trance of contentment. They live not this real life. They dream only of a mystic one, beyond the sable screen of

death. Hence so many fancy this mundane sphere, but the sporting ground for time's merry children and terrestrial life but the appointed spell of their existence. Hence the earth is turned into a great lounging saloon, where stained window panes shut out the sunshine of nature. It is dimly illumined with the flickering lights of art ; gilded with the shallow tinsels of pageantry and show ; hung with false pictures—the libels of Nature ; eurtained with gorgeous tapestry, to screen vice and shame and infamy from the world's gaze ; filled with eushioned eouhes, where the votaries of pleasure reel, and sip the swimming bowl to the bitter dregs, and dreamy idlers meet to gamble with the messengers of Death, to pawn their manhood for a repose and then sleep their senseless lives away.

Thus when we turn over the leaves of centuries in the book of Time, whose title is the “Autobiography of Man,” we find nought but cheerless blanks, to show that generations come and go and pass from a life trance without a struggle, into the slumber of the tomb. As they passed away, no tolling bells sounded their knell upon the reluctant air. No weeping minstrel spirits chanted the death dirge over their lifeless remains. No bright beams of Memory come to chase away the grim shadows that hovered over the scene. No procession of mourning friends with reluctant tread, followed the rattling bier that bore them to the “City of the Dead.” They were wrapped in their own dark shroud of oblivion, and quietly laid on the damp pillow of the grave.

The world with unclouded countenance looked on ; she heaved not a single sigh ; she shed not a solitary tear.—No pain of remorse touched a single nerve ; no word of pity played upon her silent lips. She felt that “Old Death,” prowling under the midnight shades, had laid his



snare for a worthless prize and caught the paupers of the earth for his prey. But when we look into the secret depths of human history, and study the philosophy of human success and human failure, we find that a sublime destiny is always the achievement of a current of life forces which sweep through man's existence, setting into motion the humming loom of his being, which slowly weaves out the warp and woof of his history. It may require the nimble fingers of Genius to skillfully manage the swiftly playing shuttles, as they carry the silken threads which make up the web of life. But were it not for these motive forces the loom would be silent and rusty. No shuttles would be playing; no threads would be crossing. Alas, no web would be woven! No, not one to keep him warm through the wintry nights of a cold world, to wrap around him in sickness, or even to cover him, as a pall, in death.

The chief of the life-forces are: Industry, Ambition and a Will. They alone can sound the nether depths of a man's being, and bring up the jewels imbedded there, to float upon the surface of his life. They alone can subdue the hostile destinies of earth, battle with the storm-winds and bid defiance to the lightning glare of Heaven.

Only the genius of Industry can turn a wilderness into a paradise. Only Vigor and Ambition can climb the rugged mountain height. Only an iron Will can shake the pillar of Hercules by its nod. A strong Will is the Archimedean lever. Take Ambition for a fulcrum, and the genius of Industry can almost topple the throne of Destiny and move the foundations of the world.

A few men who embody these forces constitute the brains of generations, in which all the nerves of a century center. They are the batteries which charge national systems with the electric current of public sentiment.—



The world talks much about Genius and even calls it the flash of destiny, gleaming from the brains of human gods. But it matters not how much native talent a man may possess, it is certain that the metal flint will never flash with the scintillations of Genius, until struck by the substone of Industry.

The inner depths of man will remain pure and clear as crystal, so long as they are stirred into commotion by the busy spirits of activity, but will become stagnant and green with filthy seum when allowed to settle down in the death-like stillness of indolence. How many there are who, elapsing the tacking ropes of Nature with an iron grasp, steadily pull themselves up from loft to loft, higher and higher, even into the highest niche in the temple of glory, from which altitude the multitude below seem to grovel in the dust, and the world appears to be a field of mockery! While thousands whom the world says possess genius, linger in idleness upon the ground, expecting to be borne upwards, as if upon unseen wings of destiny, and finally degenerate into a pauper's living, upon the charity of the world, until Death, touched with pity for their destitution, lays them down to moulder, without a monument in the Potter's field of earth.

You might as well expect the plants of the fertile valley to flourish on the desert of Sahara, as to think choice life-fortunes to bud and bloom and ripen upon the waste of indolent existence, where refreshing life-rains never fall and Industry never sprinkles its silent dew, but where death-winds wail a mournful requiem and build their sand-mounds upon the plain.

We find that men of great accomplishments in the mission of life are always assiduous workers. HUMBOLDT, that master-spirit of the century, that center of light, to whose tread the labyrinthian halls of Creation were wont

to echo through all their windings, and to whose touch the secret doors of Nature revealed their hidden springs, and turned upon their golden hinges, gave every moment to search for a hidden lesson, and turned the universe into the sphere of his exertion. He went forth into the harvest-field of Creation, and with busy fingers garnered the fruits of Nature into his own being. He toiled and acquired till all things seemed stored in himself ; until he could scan the empire of philosophy with a single glance and revolve the world in his brain.

But Ambition is also a propelling force in a successful life. Indeed it is the mainspring in the watch-work of man's being. It turns the golden hand on the dial-plate of human destiny. If it be strong as steel, then, indeed, the world may carry man in her pocket for a time-piece, and the tick-tick-tick which form the events of a man's life, shall be so distinct that the world, to know that it is still running, need not hold it to her ear. A man may have many brains of gold, jewelled with the finest diamonds, yet if this mainspring is weak or broken, the life-pointer moves not ; time flies, but no wonted tick is heard and the world cries, in the bitterness of her grief, "O, curse that pedler, Destiny, who bartered this worthless watch to me for gold !"

Men talk much about false ambition, and point the icy finger of disparagement at a marked man, as he moves swiftly through the motley crowd down the course of life, saying, "There goes a smart man, but alas, what a pity ! he is too ambitious and rushing to his own destruction." But there is no false ambition. It is not a desire ; it is not an aspiration. It is a force of existence. It is ever onward in its tendency and never recoils. Ambitious men are the representative leaders of generations, but drones are the ragged stragglers who go hobbling on behind.

When you look out upon the watery waste and watch the noble steamer, as she is driven with frightful speed over the waves and as she scuds here and there, as the plaything of the winds, until you see it reeling in some whirlpool or dashed into fragments against the breakers ; you condemn not the steam-power,, nor the drive-wheels, but you condemn the mariner, the helmsman of the the ship. So when you see a man, having engaged in the commerce of life upon the broad sea of human experience, speeding with frightful velocity over the elements, and driven here and there, and rising up and plunging down, the wreck of the storm and the sport of the surge, until you behold him cast away upon some sea submerged rock or wrecked upon some craggy reef. Condemn not his ambition for sweeping him so swiftly, but complain against his moral sense, the pilot of the brain. Napoleon was the very incarnation of the power of ambition, and, indeed he was the strongest man the world has ever seen. He had an iron constitution and nerves of steel. By a single word he could win the messengers of Fate, and frighten the hostile elements into obedience by a single glance. When he spoke the world said, "Hark! Surely it thunders!" When he struck the world quailed as if smitten with a lightning bolt. But a strong will can only bridle the fractious forces of human nature, and train them to the work of worthy mission.—It is the staysail of the frigate of man. It keeps his bark erect upon the billow, and swells full with the monsoons of the world, that drive him onward in the voyage of life. Without this no man can stem the counter currents, and buffet the waves of the world's sea. He becomes the passive prey of the tempest, and rocks to and fro like a wreck upon the sporting surge, until a swift gust comes sweeping over the deep, casting him away forever, upon

some lonely island, where nought but surge and sea-winds roar upon the rocky strand. We see that men possessed of a determination to go ahead, have an unseen but resistless power. They rush through difficulties, as if they were silken spider webs, and as they sweep down the winding course of life, the world bows and stands back, to make room for them to pass. While you will see the fickle crowd, standing at the corner of every street, waiting for some favorable time to cross. Such are foiled in every purpose and check-mated at every move.—When on that barren island, on whose beach the wild Pacific roared, and heaved its surges,—where Solitude sat undisturbed upon her shadowy throne, and desolation seemed to screen the cheerful world with its sable curtain, that brave Man made that mark in the sand, and striding across it, exclaimed to his disconsolate companions, “This way leads to Peru, and to gold—that to Panama and beggary ; let the noble Castilians make the choice,”—the victory was already half won. Francisco Pizarro already held Peru struggling in his iron grasp, and the Inca was purchasing his life with gold. Hannibal was the Carthagenean lever which shook the foundations of Europe, before whose gaze the Alpine cliffs bowed their haughty peaks, and seemed to shake off their locks of perpetual snow, and before whose frown, Rome, proud Rome, Mistress of the world, was tottering upon her iron legs, as before the glance of Destiny. All know that Hannibal had an iron will, and who dares say that “Hannibal was not mighty,”—all these forces united in a triune power indeed shall be man. What depth shall not yield up to him its secret treasures ? What heights shall boast themselves uncalled by mortal man ? What destiny shall not yield to his magic touch its hidden springs. O Indolence ! Mother of Despair ! where is thy consolation ?

O Content, Sister of Death ! where is thy comfort ? O,  
Fickleness ! yea forlorn child of the surge ! Where is thy  
hope star, and how can'st thou excel ?

## THE OLD YEAR.

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How like snow-flakes, falling at sunny noon-day, the silent moments melt away ! How like the phantoms of a dream, the life-forms of a year flit and steal, unseen, away ! Indeed the reality of to-day is but the shadow, east by the reality of yesterday. Present life is but the echo of vanished life returning. The world revolves so swiftly, in its eirele of time, that to-day's events, striking it like an elastic ball, rebound, and will strike it somewhere else to-morrow. Years fall upon it in their successive turns, and glance into the past, like facts immutable, east from the wheel of destiny. Moments crawl like death-worms, upon the chain of existence, and gnaw off the golden life-cords, which anchor generations to the moorings of the living. But lo ! to-day, a sad scene passes before the world's vision ! For, though the finger of destiny points us to the rich treasures of a new born year, and prospects fair, come steaking down the wide, winding aisle of coming time, yet the genius of the world smitten with grief, and bowed with tears, weeps over the lost, the vanished year, and yearns to linger longer around the newly made grave of 1861. The past throws an enchantment over the world, and from vanished scenes, stretch countless mystic chords of memory, and affection, that twine around the filaments of the soul, and chain us captives to their power. And thus, while hope, and courage greet and cheer the morning of another year, let

memory invoke the slumbering spirit of the departed one, and pronounce upon the world's tribute of respect.

Yes, another year has ebbed away, mingling with all that have gone before ; mighty with great events, bright with cheerful hopes, immortal in everlasting fruitions. 1861 is no more. Its life has passed into history. Its glory is the weal, its shame the woe, of all that has passed, since it first dawned. As evanescent thought shadows steal softly over the mind, so the old year has crept over the world, and naught but quickly made foot-prints are left behind. It came, and who knew it ? It stayed, and who hath seen it ? It has sped away, and who can show a relie of its being ? But years are the great engines that draw an endless train of consequences from one emporium to another, along the course of time, freighted with all the treasures of the past, the hidden fates, and fortunes of the future. Therefore, when the mighty engine comes puffing up the track of ages, drawing an endless train into the great central depot of a century, then all at once the shrill whistle blast breaks upon the startled air, and the bell peals forth its chime of warning; then the idle and busy people of the world rush forth together, some nimble with elastic hope, others trembling with wasting fear, some jubilant with high expectations, others despondent with sad forebodings—all anxious to see what fate has sent them by the last train, to know their fortunes, and read their destinies. Then what a scene presents itself to view, abounding in mingled shades and shadows dark ! There stands one whose heart swells with overflowing joy. But there is another, bound in grief, whose soul surges, as if smitten with despair. Satisfaction rests like placid sunshine upon the former's brow, but heartless disappointment casts shadows across the latter's soul, and stares vacant from his sunken eyes.



There deerepit age, to favor given, offers thanks to the fates, which have presided over the destinies of the year. Yonder disappointed childhood sits weeping over a pauper's lot, and pronounces luck and chance the world's great scheme, and life's prospects but the phantoms of a sickly dream. The train was freighted with priceless fruitions for one, while the fortunes of another are swept away, like the wreck of a sorry vision. Thus we see changes in the world's great scene, from foul to fair, from happiness to despair. Fate scatters not its blessings with an even hand. For some, the departed year came, as the missionary of success and fortunes bright. To another it told the sad tale of defeat, of prospects dimmed, and chances lost. To some, it showed the cheerful picture of a wise experience, together with its untold fruitions ; to others, it revealed their movements on the chess-board of life, where by fickle mishap, pawns have been swept away and knights sacrificed to folly and inattention. To some, it has been the swelling wave that bore them to giddy heights of glory and transcendent power, to others it has ebbed, and sunk away, lowering them down to the nether depths of misfortune, obloquy, and woe. Upon some it conferred the pledge of long life, and the deed to far sweeeping possessions ; to others, disease, death, and the title to the tomb. But why murmur at the immutable dealings of Fate ? Why curse the Infinite economy ? The world is a great lottery, and all men are gambling for a fortune. Success is but for the few, losses for the many, and some must needs draw blanks.. Life is but an uncertain experiment, a voyage upon a boundless sea without a guiding star and without compass ; a game of chance played with the destinies of earth and skillful indeed must he be who never makes false movements, and fortunate who by dint of shrewdness, chances to win the

stake. How different the old year appears in the several lives of men, as each turns back once more, to bid it a reluctant adieu, and take a retrospect of his bygone career. For some beautiful monuments of achievements break out upon the delighted vision. Broad landscapes stretch out to view, blooming with pleasant and unfading recollections, that breathe their aroma into the soul. While to others appear naught but mossy wrecks of great undertakings, crumbling to the dust, blasted prospects withered to the ground, rugged cliffs and deep-sounding abysses infested with infernal spirits, that mocked them as they ran and pointed the finger of ridicule at the ruins of their defeat. And to those who idled away their lives, and spread not a single net to catch the opportunities, and the chances as they went floating down the stream of Time, it looks like a barren and desolate waste. It has no shrub nor forest wild to cheer the wandering eye, and break off the chilly life-wind that comes sweeping over the desert plain, to hoarsely whisper in their reluctant ears the lesson of plundered Nature and wasted time. Now that the old year has bid the world farewell and gone to its eternal rest, who shall test its merits by the touchstone of individual experience, or measure its duration by degree of individual progress? It has matured the elements of one of the greatest struggles which time has ever witnessed, and held the scales in which the world's future weal, was balanced against its future woe. It taught the nations a lesson of political philosophy, and solved for an anxious world, the greatest problem of the age. Its records unfold the iron logic of events, and if the future generations study it properly, then indeed, the world shall reason well. Especially will the departed year mark a distinguished period in the progress of American Empire. It seemed to constitute the mighty hinge in our

Nation's history, on which Western civilization was liable to swing.

The Genius of the age, seeing our fate trembling in the balance, declared that 1861 would be the morn of a bright epoch in American progress, or the evening of our Nation's existence. The year has passed into eternity, but America still exists, a nationality, independent, powerful and brave, and the cheering light begins to gleam through the rifted clouds which once, like the pall of Death, overhung the Nation's destiny. The year taught the lesson by sad experience, that the world ought to have learned before, that antagonistic principles cannot exist in peace nor operate in harmony with each other, for each naturally tending toward universal empire, one must prevail to the ruin of the other. And I believe, that it has solved affirmatively, whether or not a nation can be free, and at the same time permanent ; whether popular government may be trusted as well as be feared.

Shall the hand of Treason hurl from the watch-towers of the Republic, the beacon-lights of hope and charity and equal rights, which the spirit of '76 placed there to radiate upon the world's troubled sea, to light up the course of wandering nations ? Shall that tree which our fathers watered with their blood, and nurtured with tender care under whose widely extended boughs all mankind may gather, and be protected from the summer's heat, and the winter's icy blast, which has already defied and buffeted the howling storm-winds, and pelting hail and fiery lightnings of three quarters of a century—shall it be stricken down in all its glory and beauty and power ? *Never ! NEVER ! NEVER !* The Genius of America rises in all the majesty of her power, and cries to the spirit of Conspiracy,

“ Woodman spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me  
And I'll protect it now.”

Despotism trembles upon its rocking throne, and Rebellion recoils at its own damnable undertaking. So profound is that current of Patriotism and love of Liberty which sweeps through the Nation's soul, that before he would see Republican Government fail, or his country fall, the last American Patriot would write his epitaph upon her ruins, and seal his devotion with his blood.— There are distinctive periods, in time's endless sweep, in which the forces of the world seem to recoil a little, to gain new strength and power for making greater achievements and more transeendent strides in their general progress.— Just before the Genius of the Reformation had broken that troubled dream and chased away the idle phantoms, which during the night of the middle ages had played upon the bewildered, the forces of Progress had rolled back in their course, leaving European Civilization at its lowest ebb. But when they gathered themselves and rushed forward again, they swept away the shadowy ghosts and crumbling wrecks of that awful night, and bore the world to a sublime altitude and glory. To us it is a sad but familiar tale, how our forefathers were persecuted and plundered of their dearest rights.

To what a low ebb the tide of civilization had sunk, when the Revolution burst forth upon the world, sweeping away the tottling land-marks of European power, and breaking the latter part of the eighteenth century from the moorings of an age of despotism, absolutism and of woe! It may be that 1861 shall mark such a period in our Nation's history. I trust that the forces of American Progress have rolled back only to gain new strength and power for surging against the barriers of the age; to

sweep away the old institutions of wickedness and oppression which cast their grim shadows all over the land, and throw our struggling and bleeding country upon the highest wave of national glory. A sad hour was that for our trembling country when the report of Sumter's fall rung upon the world's reluctant ear. The evil Genius of the age pointed the finger of ridicule at her blackened walls, and presaged ruin and woe to America and her laws.—Monarchy grinned a ghostly, horrible smile. But Liberty shrieked as if before the glance of Death, and the Genius of America bowed and wept for the degeneracy of her children. But the cannon ball, before which Fort Sumter crumbled, I believe has rebounded and aimed a death-blow at the very heart of the rebellion. Slavery cannot survive this struggle. The finger of Fate has written that decree in the book of destiny with the life-fluid of patriots who have nobly died upon the altar of their country ; with the blood of the generous and noble-hearted WINTHROP ; with the blood of the brave and daring LYON ; alas, with the blood of the fearless and eloquent BAKER. And now no power on earth can revoke or blot it out.

If we can understand the logic of events, we may justly believe that under the surface of the progress of that struggle, from its origin to the delivering up of Mason and Slidell, there sweeps a nether current of forces, which will break up and purify the foundations of the Nation's deep, and work out our country's sublimest destiny. When the storm-winds shall go to rest, and the sable clouds o'er our heads shall drift away, the spirit of Peace shall again inspire our land with new life and vigor as by a magic touch, and stud the firmament of our future destiny with starry prospects. Then the world shall join in celebrating the Nation's jubilee, and the voice of all mankind attuned to a common song, shall swell the praise of 1861.

## COUNTER CURRENTS.

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Through the world there flows a silvery stream, and that life-stream never runs smoothly. Experience is indeed a troubled tide, sweeping down the course of time, for the sporting children of Fate, playing upon its banks, cast many a stone to make ripples upon its surface, and it is ruffled by many a fickle breeze of chance. The hand of tranquillity can never smooth down its rolling ripples. The fisherman of life, sitting upon the overhanging rock, may cast forth his net, but only once in the same waters. The angels of destiny may fling the events of time upon its bosom, but those events can only sink to the bottom, and can never stop its onward ceaseless flow. The pale moon of destiny, wandering along her vaulted pathway, rocks the tide of experience to and fro upon its everlasting balance, and as Chance, sitting upon her shadowy throne, sweeps her steel trident through the world's great life-stream, ten thousand counter currents rise, and struggle, and ripple, like murmuring rills, through its bosom. Look up and down the stream from every judgment seat of our existence, and lo ! we see counter waves heaved from their beds, bounding against and after one other, through the storm, all over the sweep, from shore to shore—the cradle and the grave. Now one rises up higher and higher, like a spiral column, as if to kiss the heavens. But soon another surges against it and quickly it tumbles and scatters in the wind like a mountain of feathery spray.—Now Fate hurls it into its unconscious depths, the light-



ning's shafts, forged by the finger of God to break up the nether foundations, and anon her thundering voice, rumbles along the trembling elements, warning the mariners on life's sea. Now the listless winds sigh over the depths, like the wail of a dying storm stirring them into gentle pulsations, and on the little waves all mankind leap and swing as light-footed dancers in the ball-room of the sea. But soon the dripping wings of the tempest lash the wild elements into fury, and the howling storm, rocking them to and fro, seems to sport with the freighted fleets and iron-clad navies of the world.

The world's life-stream is full of deep-sounding eddies, whose depths turn in a ceaseless whirl ; of mighty reefs, on which the sweeping current breaks and rolls back in curls to wind around the breakers, and is rippled everywhere by ten thousand tributary rills that come flowing down the mountain vales, from the fountains of creation; and thus it sweeps on, and ever on, through Time's mazy windings, over rocky beds and down frightful plunges, and thus all the life-rills of creation mingle in a common destiny—the bosom of God.

Thus the tide of the world's experience flows roughly on, silently bearing away the varied fruitions, the gains and losses, the hopes and fears, the sadness and gladness of life, to oblivion's gulf, the world's common tomb.—Throughout existence, both in the realm of matter and of mind, currents of opposing forces are everywhere meeting, struggling, defeating and yielding, as may chance to rule the angels of destiny which preside over success and defeat—the law and logic of life.

Conflict is the natural order in the universal economy, the positive force of all progressive existence. It is the antipode of inaction, and inactivity is the scepter which Death, sitting upon his shadowy throne, would wield over



an universal empire. From the fates which preside at the poles of creation roll forth opposing tides, and when they sweep down and meet on the common battle-field of the equator, Nature sounds trumpet, for the conflict is fiercely waged and her legions must all join in the combat.

As Fate opens the windows of her temple, and scatters her works broadcast over the deep, they are quickly caught up by the eurling waves of Fortune, chasing one other, as they send round and round the world, until they break and vanish and are seen no more. One hour comes to us as the winged messenger of joy and, with pinions of memory and hope, brings recollections and hopes to cheer the solitudes of existence ; but always in its wake comes another, floating down, as the reluctant carrier of grief, in whose train a troop of shadows flit close behind to spread sorrow and sadness through the heart. Yesterday, by success made strong in courage, we rejoiced over the trophies of victory and praised the faithfulness of Fortune. To-day, by defeat hopeless in despair, we curse the fickleness of luck, and weep over the treachery of Fate. Yesterday, the little silent mystic weavers of our being, sat at the humming loom of the brain, and with busy fingers, quietly attended the noiseless shuttles of imagination, as they carried backward and forward the subtle dream threads of the mind, and thus weaving out a bright and gorgeous vision of the future. But the same messengers come stealing down the hours, smiling at our thoughts, as they were flitting by, until to-day grim reality, diminishing our vision with tears, and we children of delusion, alas ! how-fallen, sit mourning over the wrecks of ideal castles, which fancy built along the highway of the future. Thus it is. Reality ever disguises herself, and with noiseless tread, steals down the secret aisles of the

world, never faltering, never turning, but ever moving onward, and without one signal, without a word of greeting takes all mankind by surprise, and reads to them a lesson of the future, from the book of destiny. But delusion robing herself in the pilfered garb of reality, wanders unsuspected in day-light, through the bustling streets of life, stealing away the consciousness of the world, and pointing the shadowy finger of deception, as if some bright prize flashes ahead, she rushes on, and all mankind, with light hearts and nimble feet, follow in quick pursuit until her mask falls off, like a fog that robes the morning, and perchance the walls of folly girt them round, and they are left forlorn, to wander like children lost in wilderness. And anon, the Genius of night, ascending her shadowy throne, flings out her curtain to wrap them round and dismal specters sport in its fringes. Then solemn life-thoughts begin to creep softly over the returning consciousness of the lone wanderers. Fading memories, blasted hopes, and ruined fortunes, can only tell the tale of their delusion, and remorse begins to play with its icy fingers, upon the tender feelings that string the lyre of the heart.

Then, when the dark-winged angels of shame and ruin and death silently break from their nether homes, and prowl as midnight messengers upon their heels through the deep solitudes of their pilgrimage, they wail and shriek and cry for help, and anon the nimble messengers of Fate, each with little lanterns lighted at the throne of Diety, come lightly tripping down the world to search out the despairing children of delusion, and to lead them forth again, upon the highlands of existence, where the orb of truth, wheeling through an unveiled sky, weaves its texture and flings the robe of light around, and now and then, to refresh the floating clouds, drop their rainy tears

and life-winds, cool and bracing, gently sweep and sigh thorough the shady groves and fan the feverish brow of Day and sport with the loose robe of Night.

On Creation's broad sweep, Fate draws up his troops of opposing destinies, and presides over the conflict as they fight the battles of the world's history, and victory seems but an elastic ball, ever bounding backwards and forwards, between the contending forces. Indeed, unseen down in some dim and secret chamber of creation, the brilliant dramatists of destiny, long since planned and wrote the Drama of life, in the sealed book of the future, and we, as chosen actors, have only met in the great theater, to rehearse our parts before the audience of the world, and surely how varied the scenes in which we appear ! How often are the parts changed from good to bad, from better perhaps, to worse ! How many different characters we represent in the play, and how often do we change our outward garb and exchange the shadows and sunshine of the soul. While with one hand, we rock the cradle of innocent childhood, with the other we smooth the damp pillow of the grave. While with the eye of Hope, we gaze upon ideal life-pictures, hung along the secret windings of the future, the eye of Memory roams among the deserted scenes of the past and drops a hot tear here and there, upon the ruins of departed greatness. While with one ear we hear the anxious cry of posterity, swelling from the bosom of the future, and telling the noisy world to be quiet for a moment, with the other we listen to the Fathers and the voice of the tomb. Laughing, weeping, hoping, despairing, sighing and rejoicing, are all distinctive parts in our common lot.

The good old dame, Fortune, ever weaving and mending for her children, has countless different garbs for us, hung up in the secret closets of the world, and when the

world, and when the scene changes, we go to them, and robe ourselves in habiliments appropriate to the parts we play. And as we progress in playing the drama, the crowded world from pit to dome, viewing us through the opera-glass of criticism, is ever ready to manifest her feeling of displeasure, or delight. For the world is no stoic. Now we are cheered by the sunny countenances and the hearty applause of the audience, but anon, chagrined by mistakes, we quail before the shadowy frown, and quiver under the hoarse hisses, that flutter on their lips. And thus success and failure alternately play upon our being. The "Harp of a thousands strings," tuned to sadness and gladness, swells forth the music of the heart. To-day, light-hearted childhood frolics and sports with its tiny play-things ; to-morrow, old age with wrinkled visage, and trembling limbs, and bowed head, will totter under the shadow of the tomb.

What one event digs from the world's mines, and willingly stores in the treasury of our lives, another unlocking the doors with keys, filches like a midnight thief and flings to the plunder managers of the world. Indeed, the world is a revolving swing perpetually sweeping around upon its axis, and we the passengers sitting in its hanging seats, are thus riding through life, up and down, sometimes high and sometimes low, ever between joy and grief, weal and woe. Every human experience is a monument, whose pedestal is based in the bosom of God. But as the destinies of life descend into the world's great quarry, to break off and hew out the block with which to rear the monument from its base, until its pinnacle shall lean against the sky of immortality, they never take the block of the same color, nor ever chisel them into the same form and shape, nor ever place them in like positions, in the great structure. Surely human

experience is a wonderful monument. Hopeful childhood sports upon its base. Old age with hoary locks uncovered, sits weeping on its pinnacle.

Ambition's childhood yearns to mount time's mystic ladder, on rounds of years, to snatch the treasures of Destiny. Old age to whom the world seems but a delusive shadow, and life but a troubled dream, longs to descend and mingle once more with the busy life-forms that once played in the scenes of the morning of life. Unskilled childhood on whose cheek the smile of innocence softly plays, and in whose eye hope beams brightly, and from whose heart courage flashes forth, looking up, beholds starry prospects twinkling all over the future of life. Old age on whose wrinkled cheek the icy finger of time has written a sad tale, on whose quivering lips, words of sadness lingeringly seem to flutter, in whose dim and tearful eyes already the lamp of life burns, faintly and feebly glimmers, looking sees naught, but the vanishing shadows of the past, flitting life-forms silently stealing away, pale memories fading in the distance, blasted hopes withering and drooping, ruined fortunes lost forever, and beautiful ideal worlds wrecked in chaos. But these antipodal forces, not only prevail throughout existence, but rule the fortune of individual and collective man.

Counter currents drive the destiny wheels of ages, and sweep through the life-stream of empire. The genius of one age weaves its robe of customs and laws around the world, which the genius of another tears off and flings away, when dingy with the dust of the pilgrimage, and rent and tattered by the the wear of sweaty years. The destiny-artists of one age, hang their brightest ideals in the picture gallery of the world, seeming to challenge improvement, but as years creep down the slope of time and generations breathe upon them, they fade and others,

and more beautiful ones, are hung in their places. Thus we read the story of time. Thus we learn the lessons of destiny. But how clearly we can see this law of counter-currents ruling in the fate of empires ! Roll back the tide of time, and standing with the muse of history upon the heights of antiquity, behold the genius of the past, sitting upon the regal throne, around whose base generations have scattered their treasures, whose scepter reaches far over the stretch of ages and in whose crown, gleaming in the light of remembrance, empires brightly flash. See those empires in the zenith of their glory ! Behold their grandeur, and you have seen what was, what flourished, but alas ! what is no more. One by one the hand of Fate has plucked those nations from the golden crown, until not one is left to sparkle alone; in the night of dusky ages, and they are buried deep in the sands of time. O ! queenly Persia ! Bride of the sea ! Thou that could'st bridge the Hellespont with thy navy ! How art thou fallen ! How Time has scattered thy glories to the winds ! How the dust of forgetfulness is sifting over thy remains. One current of forces bore the Grecian Empire upon the highest wave of national glory, but that tide soon ebbcd, and where is Greece to-day ! O Greece ! immortal, beautiful Greece ! Victor of Marathon and Thermopylæ ! How mighty is thy fall ! How sad is thy degeneracy ! Where once as Queen of the world, she stood with arms outstretched, from the Ionian sea, across the Hellespont, and beyond, and whose eyes flashed light and liberty throughout all the Orient !

Now the drooping eypress boughs hang down their shades and the lonely pilgrims of centuries idly stroll and mourn and shed their tears, and like a heart-sick mother the Genius of the world, with bleeding heart, sits and weeps for the loss of her most beautiful child. Tyre once



stood Empress of the Sea, wielding her trident over the waves, and with bounds stretched back over the Jordan, grasping the girdle of the Syrian Desert. But she too has fallen, and the wild waves laving her marble feet, sprinkle their spray upon the shore, and spider moments have woven around her remains their dusky shroud. Look at Palmyra the great central Emporium of oriental trade from whose every side, radiated the grand highways of the commercial world, and in whose chambers Eastern civilization held court. Time has rolled on, but alas ! for the Mistress of the Desert, the once proud Palmyra !—The tide of trade no longer flows underneath the Cyclopean arch. No slowly-moving caravan is seen passing down the windings of the streets. No solitary footfall echoes along thy deserted halls. The noisy hum of human life is hushed in silence, the silence of the tomb. Now the dry dust of the plain comes sweeping over thy lonely ruins and as the Genius of thy former glory sits mourning on thy broken arches, her wail sadly blends with the solemn music of the desert winds. On the Northern coast of Africa, there was once an Imperial City, magnificent and grand, the fair daughter of an ancient Tyre. It was Carthage, proud Carthage, who standing up, flung her shadow back upon the great Desert, and with one hand reached forth, grasped the rock of Gibraltar, and with the other, stretched across the Mediterranean, the Alps, the plains of Italy and beyond, almost snatched the fillet of Imperial Rome. Illustrious Carthage, proudest child of Afric's court ! How the land of the Moors did bow at thy feet, and how did the proud eagle of Imperial Rome flutter before thy glance. Centuries have fled away since then, but where, O ! where is Carthage now ? Go ask the martyrs of Zana. Go ask Marius whose spirit sits alone upon her ruins. Go listen at the sounding sea as



the waves chant her requiem along the shores, and there comes ever fluttering, "The city of Dido is no more."—To-day the counter currents are fiercely battling in the life-stream of our own dear and native land. But who can predict woe and ruin for Columbia's fate? Who does not believe that the current of Freedom must prevail over the current of slavery, and that America, immortal in youth, shall survive and flourish and rule omnipotent as Empress of the Western world? Who can despair of our country so long as justice is the ruling passion of her soul, and the finger of Deity shall point out her pathway of destiny? Shall she fail in her sublimest mission of Freedom and world-wide charity, thus wrecking so many fortunes of the Past, and blotting out so many hopes and prospects of the Future? Never, never! Britannia, with jealous eye looking across the waves, predicts our country's ruin. But the spirit of the age responds. Her destruction shall never be until long after the celebrated New Zealander shall sit upon the broken arch of London Bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul. Her destiny is written most beautifully in the book of Fate, by the finger of Heaven, and naught but the power of Omnipotence can blot it out. Roll on, ye silent train of years, and bear down the future track, the world to better stations. And thou, O Columbia, fair Queen of the Nation's guardian angel of Liberty, robed in light, shalt stand on the summit of the Cordilleras, ruling from the Gulf to the Northern lakes and with outstretched hands shalt reach from the Atlantic to Pacific shores.

## INDIVIDUALISM.

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Where is he who wore the shibboleth of individuality into life, and bore the mirror of the world in his being? Alas! he was swept away by the torrent of centralization and swallowed up in the bosom of absolutism. Where is his broad empire which, when the star of fortune had settled for the night, the star of hope illumined with the bright rays of immortal day! It has been turned into the great commons of the world, where market-men hold their fairs, and parties meet to tune their harps and play their subtile wires. Where is his voice whose harmonies might cheer the world's great heart like the strains of an Eolian Lyre? His muffled and his feeble words are drowned in the clamor of the multitude. Surely he still breathes, but only through the nostrils of a party; he yet sees, but only through the eyes of a creed; he still speaks, but only with the rusty trumpet of his sect; the being truly exists, but the individual hardly breaks the reluctant silence of the tomb. This man whose lightning flashes of genius seemed to sear the very fates from their high places, and in whom the pales of creation blend in harmony, has banished the nature enthroned in his being, and permitted the genius of art to wrap him still living, in the ceremonies of the grave. Individuality is the highest shibboleth of man, self-reliance the first law of his being and responsibility the best school of life. The person that would submerge himself in the sweeping current of centralization would fling his highest birth-right to the idle winds.

He that floats down his destiny in the bark of another, is a traitor to himself, and surely he that would become a true mariner on life's great sea, must understand the trade winds of existence, and paddle his own canoe. Man absorbed in the organization of power becomes but the passive cog-wheel in the machinery of social law, but the pivot on which sweeps the forces of centralization. It is only a steady reliance upon his own individuality, that can make him an active motive power of the world's progress, and a being who can rule the very fates, which preside over the destinies of ages and of empires. We were made exclusive beings to act for ourselves and to live within ourselves ; and if man works upon the estate of others, his own nature shall be barren like a desert waste and if he subsists upon the fruits of the external, he is but a beggar upon the world. Why should man let the native forces of his being slumber forever in order to cultivate the interests of a party ? Why should he not live upon the powers and resources within him, rather than to exist as a pauper upon the commons of the world, and to let their force and goodness waste away on the desert air.

Individuality subsists upon itself and revolves within its own being. It always obeys the everlasting law of gravitation, but it is never jostled from the poles of its own identity, nor ever flies from its destined orbits of existence. Early in childhood's morning the real individual sails out from the busy harbor on the voyage of life.—Solitary and alone he floats down the bay of his existence and then plows the ocean's foam. The broad sea of the world before, is rippled with ten thousand counter-currents of life and activity, and teems everywhere with the fleet of men scudding over its waves. The sky-blue halls seem lit with countless torches to illumine the course of

life, and the beaçon lights of ten thousand ports, east their flickering rays far out on the desert waste to invite the weary mariner to his home or to allure him to his fate.— But he notices not these, for as he speeds over the elements chasing the hollowest shadow of life, he is the pilot of his own frigate and bears the star of his destiny in his own brain.

Who ever saw such a one wrecked or east away upon the desert sea though the world heaved and sighed heavily, though the angry waves dashed fiercely against him, though the darkness of the night of chaos hovered o'er him and the Furies let loose their storm-winds to howl around him as if to sweep the sea? Individuality casts man upon his own responsibilities and resources, and thus he feels all the natural relations of life and the necessities of his nature call into operation all the mighty levers of his being with which he must lift himself into a glorious destiny.

But this centralization of mankind, which seems to hold universal empire over the world, may be equal in all its forms, but it is despotism in all its substance; for, if you cast an individual upon the sweeping tide of organic force, where will he go? Where is his freedom? It is enervating and suicidal. For, if a man hides himself under the shadow of a party, and flees from his individual responsibilities, the storms and sunshine of existence, he shall droop like a withered flower and his life shall steal unnoticed to its close, for unknown, unhonored and unseen, he is skulking through the world to an eternal repose. It is dwarfing in its influence upon man, for it steals his birth-right, breathes into him the spirit of hollow forms and wraps him in the iron bonds of lifeless conventionalities. It makes him the microcosm of the world, the mere appendage of a party faction. The

organic masses of humanity are like the great forests of the earth ; for as in them the under-brush can never flourish, nor the trees themselves grow to their natural size and shape, because they cannot feel the electric inspiration of the sunlight, nor breathe the untrammelled air, nor widely out-stretch their arms to battle with the storm-winds of heaven ; so it is with the under-brush of organizations ; so it is with the individuals that are lost in the forests of centralization.

But he who revolves upon his own axis, a world within himself, who scorns the proffered favor, and dares the fate of life, stands out in bold relief upon the world's great level, like the solitary oak upon the sweeping plain, which spreading wide and towering in majestic grandeur, seems to mock the raging winds and even to defy the thunderbolts of Heaven.

But the world is poor as to such men, and therefore, when they touch the harp-strings of life, their melodies do not melt away upon the air, like the bitter sigh of a girl ; nor does their glory ever fall to mingle with the ruins of decay ; nor does the world's memory leave their record to waste away at the portals of the tomb like an idle romance of a day.

To look back upon the boundless sweep of the past, horrid darkness has gathered there, and destruction seems to have swept over it, like the hissing simoom of the desert, though ages appear desolate, like barren wastes, and generations, without a living record, have passed away and mouldering empires, in confusion, are scattered upon the plain, and even though the muse of history sits weeping over the ruins as she sketches the scene, yet to our joy, we see scattered here and there upon the heights of centuries, the noble forms of men who maintained their individuality in life, and in death never lost it ; who, liv-

ing, built an ark for their treasures and their fortunes, and who in dissolution dared destruction and the fates to sink it in the depths of eternity. Here they, solitary, stand, and though the night of ages can but span between us, yet their hallowed shadows come flitting down to us, beaming with immortal deeds; their virtues shoot forth like sky-rockets through the overhanging darkness, and their golden light of fame seems to tinge the borders of the world.

Socrates and Confucius, Luther and Bonaparte, Humboldt and Parker were individuals because they were great, and illustrious because they maintained their individuality. They lived within themselves. They dived down into the depths by their own diving-bells, and gathered up the priceless jewels which the hand of Nature had scattered there, and with these they studded the niches of their lives. More easily might you pour an ocean into a mill-pond than crowd such men into a party, for they were greater than any association of their times. A world within themselves, creation must be their sphere. Omnipresent in power, the fates must be their slaves. Such men electrify the ages with the inspiration of living thought, and swing upon their destiny as the mighty pendulum whose vibrations move the clock-work of nations. They are always representative men, who read the book of Nature by the lamp within themselves and never let waves that they create upon the sea of life overtake them. They smite the rock of Truth with their magic wands and out gushes the crystal water, to quench the thirst of suffering man. They fearlessly embark upon the dismal sea of the unknown world of thought to discover new continents of truth yet wrapped in mystery. They are the great motive power that draws the train of civilization, freighted with the people and fortune of centuries over



the common track of the world's progress. More easily might you chain the torrent at Niagara's flood with a rope of straw than bind the sweep of such mens' minds with any conventionalities or any creed. More easily might you confine the lightning within prison walls, than chain their electric genius to the slow fate of parties and of institutional laws. They must shoot for themselves so long as

Justice nerves the arm,  
And Truth strains the bow,  
Right lies bleeding in the dust,  
And Evil breathes a foe.

They must think and speak for themselves as long as Genius shall play upon the golden harp of the human mind, and the finger of Destiny shall touch the lips of man. This principle of Individuality is not only violated in the career, and history of man, but is ignored by the destinies which preside over the life of generations and ages. Generations living seem but to re-enaet the part of generations lost, and ages seem but to reproduce the old lifeless scenes which have been passed in the drama of the world. Even to-day, though the noon of the nineteenth century has passed away, mankind are so helpless in their dependence upon ancient systems, so lost in the lifeless refuse of centuries, that they recoil with terror and fear at any progressive change, and rise, as if to block the rotation of destiny's wheel, which surely turns the world towards its silent but better fate. They ride back upon the tide of the world's experience, to linger and mourn over the solitary ruins of vanished greatness, and to wander among the deserted scenes where genius has slumbered for centuries ; while the present is ever flowing with the holiest means, and the golden tide of opportunity is flowing away, sweeping its greatest advantages to the sea of the ever-lost. They ponder upon the myster-



ies and lifeless conventionalities, which for ages, have possessed the mind of the world, like an idle dream, as though each age has not brains enough to write its own stories, to produce its own philosophy, and to live upon its own unforgotten love. Thus generations lose their independence, and grow up like sickly wild flowers, upon the lowly ruins of departed life. Thus man loses his individuality and chilled with the desert winds of life, sits shivering upon the iceberg of popular customs. When shall the spirit of self reliance arouse the slumbering energies of man and break the enchantment of the past, which binds the world in bondage worse than death? When shall man's exiled nature regain its lost dominions, and restore the degenerate slave of party creed and fashion, to his royal estate again? When man shall lift himself into the ideal of his highest existence, and daring to be free shall step forth unveiled, alone and untrammelled, then shall the world behold herself in man, for he shall move an empire within himself—a Prince upon the throne, whose reign shall be a life of usefulness, casting golden sunbeams upon every zone.

*Oration and Valedictory Address Delivered before the  
Calliopean Society, Fairfield Academy.*

## THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR.

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To-day the American People are to solve a mighty practical problem of National History—one whose demonstration involves the great issue of ages and of the progress and the future destiny of the world. The awful consequences which will necessarily be developed in the internal struggle that is now going on in this land, will not only effect the fate of the American Union and the Government of the Nation, but will involve the grand universal Ideas and Principles, that underlie the history, and practical policy of Nations throughout the world, and even sweep the golden harp-cords, that string the bosom of the future, and thus sound the notes of weal or woe, on the opening ears of Posterity. For really, this is not a war of section against section, of state against state, of empire against empire, but a struggle between hostile forces, that are inspired and impelled onward by antagonistic principles, and purposes. Hence it is really a contest of principles, for dominion,—of Barbarism against Civilization, of darkness against light, of slavery against freedom. And in view of the exalted position which this country occupies among the powers of the globe, and the relation which the issue of this great and momentous struggle sustains to the history of the world, it must necessarily vibrate upon the feelings of the world, throughout all places and all times. It is true, that we see the two

great sections of our common country arrayed against each other, in a most horrid civil war. Yet is it not certain that the South are waging this war against the Federal Government and the Union, solely because they were unfavorable to human oppression, and resisted the progress and dominion of African Slavery, and that the loyal freemen of the North have rallied under the glorious old standard sheet of the Nation, pledged to defend it as the palladium of freedom and the only guarantee of our personal liberties? The one struggles to rear a national throne of Human Slavery on the melancholy ruins of the American Union while the other labors to maintain the Union as the asylum of oppressed humanity and to hang the beacon lights of Liberty in the watch-towers of the Republic. And thus we see that two great antagonistic ideas underlie the mighty military movements of the two sections—that two irreconcilable principles and interests constitute the motive power, the very life, spirit and soul of the two contending forces in the land. It is absolutely an undeniable proposition that the aggressive demands, and necessities of slavery impelled the South to organize this unholy crusade against the Union, and the cherished institutions of our Country which are the common inheritance of the American people, that the inhuman pro-slavery interest of the Southern oligarchy constitute the very heart and brain of this gigantic Rebellion against the Government of the land, and whose supreme purpose is the nationalization of human bondage in the sad ruins of American Liberty. Therefore nature, justice and history all unite in dictating that the Loyal North as the legitimate Power of the Nation in this emergency should pursue the policy of Universal Emancipation, of removing the evil cause that hurled us into the perils of this hour, as the only measure that can put down rebellion forever, save the

Union and the Country from destruction, and perpetuate them despite the storms of ages. Slavery being the soul of Rebellion to-day, Freedom must be the moving spirit of Loyalty. Otherwise there would be no conflict between Loyalty and Rebellion. Therefore if Loyalty would crush Rebellion, it must first destroy its soul, which is Slavery, and of course Rebellion would soon expire. But if treason would suppress the genius of Loyalty it must first extinguish its life-spirit which is Freedom and then Loyalty will droop and wither from the world. What American patriot does not believe that the South, if she could succeed in her nefarious designs of revolution, would immediately spread its horrid incubus of human bondage over the fair bosom of the Continent. Then why should not the North, being her natural enemy in this struggle, banish Slavery forever, and proclaim white-robed Liberty the absolute Queen of the Empire. In times of war, the irresistible logic of events quickly works a revolution in public sentiment, and attunes the harmonic voice of the popular soul to the charms of another song. Already the great and generous heart of the people at the North begins to respond to the anxious cries of four millions of slaves, and to have its mighty pulse-beats of conviction, like a thousand battering-rams against the Throne of the Administration, urging it to issue an edict of unconditional emancipation to all the slaves in the land. But still hoary-headed conservatism, like a startled ghost rising from the silent tomb of the past, and robed in a thousand musty parchments, shudders with terror at this proposition, because it may not be in strict accordance with the very letter in written law. But how groundless the fear ! How absurd the objection ! The civil law of the State forbids murder. But when a man's life is menaced by an infamous assassin, then self-preservation

becomes the supreme law and the civil law is ignored.— He slays the villain and the highest law both of Heaven and Earth justify the act. But now when our beloved country reels under the crushing blow of a gigantic rebellion, and trembles before the darkest conspiracy of traitors ; when the power of Slavery threatens to found its empire on the wreck of national Freedom, must the Constitution be the altar on which she is to be sacrificed ? No. Let her preserve herself from the tomb of National ruin, by sweeping with one mighty effort, rebellious traitors, and Slavery together from the continent, and the moral sense of the world will sound the praise and glory of America. Systems of oppression are inhuman and unnatural and hence they cannot be permanent and enduring. And a Republic that recognizes Slavery one of its fundamental institutions is, a palpable contradiction, a gross absurdity, and a lie, for it pretends to blend the two poles of social existence in social harmony and union. Surely unless the strong arm of the Government hurls the disturbing element of Slavery from the household of the Nation, it must totter and fall. Therefore the exigencies of the hour demand the absolute abolition of this nefarious system of legalized oppression, as a military necessity, as a measure of justice and mercy, as a strong means of self-preservation. Surely this great country, this highest Heaven in the realm of nations, is worth more than all the written constitutions of the Earth and let us save it as the home of freemen though the voice of the Constitution should be hushed for awhile amid the din of resounding arms.

After Caius Marius had been driven a harmless exile from his native land, when he embarked from Carthage and again landed in Italy with the view of a march to Rome to regain his lost position as Consul of the Eternal

City, he proclaimed liberty to all the slaves who would rally under his standard. Soon he had a large and powerful army under his command and he marched against the Capital of the civilized world. The people entreated Octavius, the Consul of the Nation, to issue an edict of Emancipation to all the slaves that would join in the attempt to defend the City from the invasion of an ambitious usurper. But he was uninfluenced by their urgent request and responded, "that he would not grant such persons the freedom of the city in defence of whose Constitution he kept out Marius." The mighty portals of Rome were opened before the invading forces. Octavius was dragged from the tribunal and Marius again held the helm of Empire. Plutarch says that the cause of the Government did not suffer so much from its own weakness as by the anxious and unwise regard of Octavius for the Constitution and by not freeing the slaves.

We see what Marius accomplished by Emancipation ; but let us hope that the Administration will not repeat the example of Octavius in the history of this American struggle, and thus bring upon this Nation the melancholy fate of Rome. Perhaps the loyal power of the Nation can re-establish its authority over the country without a measure of emancipation, but it can never crush the fiery spirit of rebellion without the abolition of Slavery. Before we can put down this great sectional conspiracy, we must subjugate the South, and before we can do this we must weaken and scatter the mighty army that sits on the very threshold of the National Capital. Let the Administration launch the bomb-shell of emancipation into the very heart of the Rebellion, which is Slavery. Who does not believe that the whole South would tremble with fear and that their army would be scattered to save their homes their families and their wealth from woe and destruction?



Then rise up, twenty millions of Northern freemen ! ye children of Washington, ye friends of glorious Union !— Breathe into the mighty soul of the Administration the spirit and inspiration of freedom. Nerve the strong arm of the Government with your loyalty and your patriotism. Quicken the mighty pulse-throbs of the Nation's heart with cheerful words and noble deeds. Rekindle the expiring hope of the world and aid in putting down the traitors of your country. Then, soon in the midst of a National jubilee, the celestial angel of Peace shall again spread her white wings over the whole land. Justice, like a heaven-lit rainbow shall bend over the people on which Liberty robed in light shall sit and guide the fortunes of the free.

#### VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

FELLOW CALLIOPEANS AND FRIENDS :—Time waits for no man ; nor can man resist the tide and linger around any period of his life. Indeed human existence is but a continued succession of events, and those events follow one another as fleeting shadows chase each other across the sun. Moments that make up eternity drop quickly through the clepsidra of the world and ere we know it, the period of an anniversary runs through, which closes the circle of the year. It seems but a little while ago since we met as a Society to commemorate such a period, but since then we have been swept around by the silent revolution of a year, and by that revolution some have been attracted to us, and many have been flung from our association, to fill their appointed niches in the destiny of the world. And again we recall the record of an expiring year by rehearsing the story of our experience, and tracing our prospects as presaged by the shadows of the past, we would cast a horoscope of our future career. Although memory can look back and inspire gladness from the



scenes of a cheerful past, nevertheless that past will ever bring also its sadness to our hearts for its realities have robbed us of friends and chances which the future can never replace. Life's cold necessities soon snap asunder the golden ties of feeling, sympathy and interest, which bind individuals in fraternity and unity. Indeed we are but pawns and knights on the chess-board of the world, and with whom Chance and Fate are ever playing the game of life, and although we contract strong friendship for each other, yet we cannot be long together, for Chance moves quickly, and as it to win till we shall all be swept forever from the board.

Thus those who but a little while ago were joined to our association by all the ties of nature and interest, have been snatched from it forever to fulfill life's mission and seek their fortunes in the lottery of a gambling world.— Their familiar voices break no more on our anxious ears, and if we ask, "Where in the world are they ?," echo will alone mock us with its sad response. Fortune has scattered them like forest trees swept by an Autumn gale ; and now some may be climbing the giddy heights of human glory, while others, less fortunate, may be wandering in solitude through a gloomy destiny. Many may be nobly struggling in the cause of Nature, of our country, and of man ; and some, perchance, are sleeping the slumbers of the tomb. Although, as friends, their worn spirits linger with us still, yet as associates their long absence tells a mournful tale. Though their noble deeds and acts of kindness bloom as pleasant and unfading recollections in our memories, yet they have left an eternal void in our little company, which none but they could ever fill.

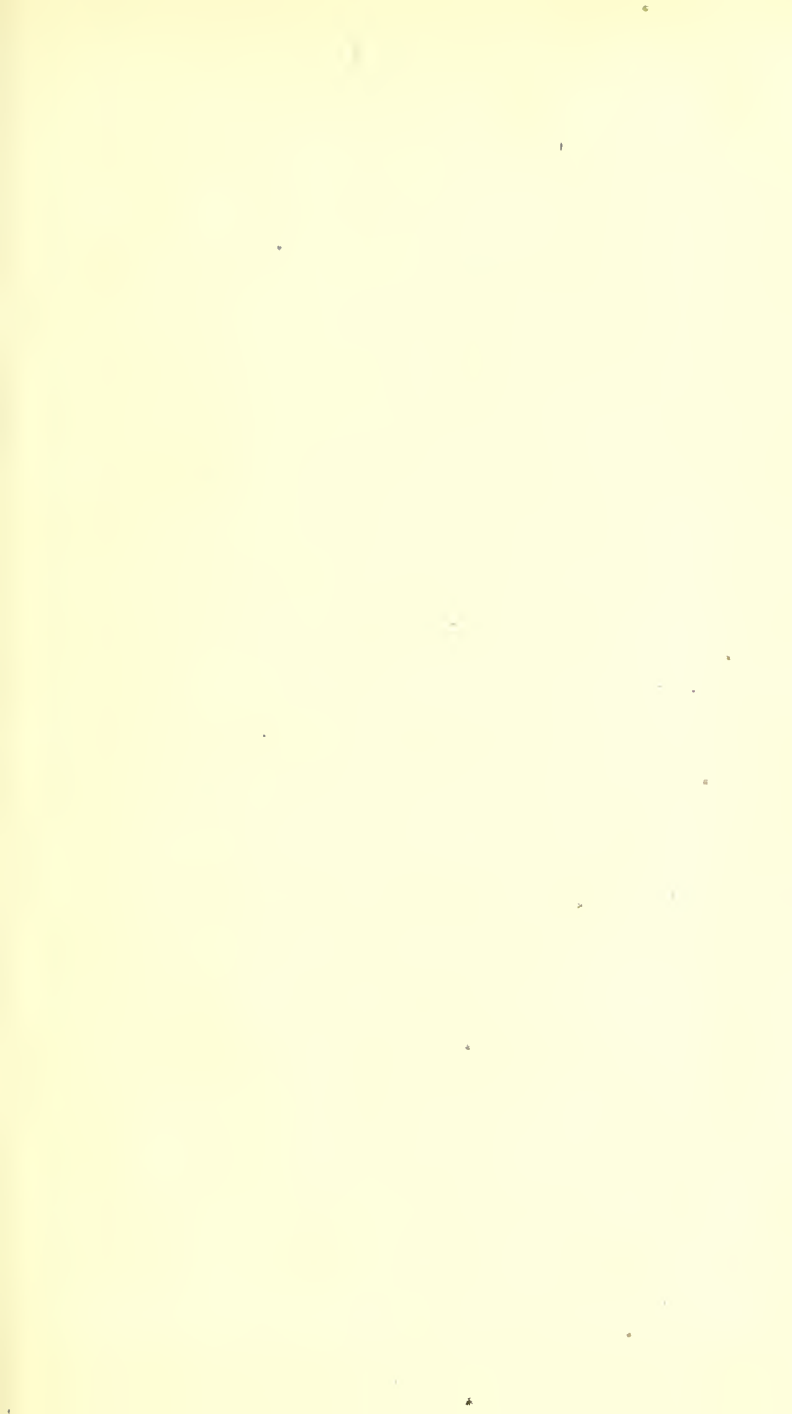
I cannot hope to exalt their merits in the world's careful estimation, for no word of favor can magnify the worth and beauties of a worthy character. But when we behold

them snatched away from us forever, what heart can but heave with a struggling sigh, and who will not lift up his willing voice to swell the tribute of their praise? Although but a short space of time has passed into eternity since we first met as members of the same association, and became linked together in the bonds of a common interest, yet who can estimate the untold blessings that have beamed forth upon us from that interval, like inspiring rays of golden sunlight, gilding the innermost temples of our beings with effusions of joy and gladness. It has been a season of our lives that has revealed many great truths to the thoughtful understanding. It has yielded to us the highest advantages, and been fruitful in the noblest opportunities; and I hope we have not journeyed through it without gathering many lessons of wisdom, for every moment has related an important story, and the voice of buried ages has whispered ever in our ears.

We are wandering through life's labyrinthian halls, as so many flaming torches, but as they glimmer so dimly, man alone would hardly be able to grope the winding way through the darkness which settles over his pathway, but as we happen to meet and chance to have a comrade in our travels, we wisely let our individual lights flow together, and mingle in a common volume, and thus our course has been made plain and easy, and we have moved on harmoniously together. But alas! we cannot be long thus with each other, for as the thousand rills that converge and blend in a common channel and sweep ever onward in their courses to mingle with the waters of the broad ocean, so have we met in a common channel and have been borne swiftly downward in our course of destiny by the impetuous current, soon to be separated forever and lost from each other in the stormy sea of a battling world. And though we may make but little ripples on

the broad surface of that sea, yet surely we shall stir its lowest depths, and help modulate the music of its thundering voice. But now when we linger on the shores of the world's unknown future, about to embark on the many tides that roll back in a hundred courses, let us speak kind words of advice and encouragement to each other, for they may vibrate forever on our ears. Truly, we are the children of fortune, who have inherited the wealth of generations; pupils who may ever study the story of the world's experience, the lessons of ages forever gone. If you avail yourselves of these transcendent privileges, life to you can be but a pleasant journey and your destiny brilliant and sublime. And to the extent of these privileges and advantages, your duties and responsibilities will be measured by the demands of society. We are passing through the school of existence, and that school is the mirror of the coming century, and in it germinates the hope of the world. We are not only learning the lesson which shall guide us through the storms and rugged passes of our existence, but are helping form the mold in which is to be cast the future destiny of a mighty people. No proud aristocracy rules the fortune of our beloved country. Ours is a commonwealth of princes, every man being a pillar of the Nation. We have no order of nobility, but the royalty of man and manhood is the highest prerogative of Americans. Your great duties bespeak the sublimity and grandeur of your mission, and if you would fulfill your true mission, and work out a glorious destiny, you must first learn the lesson of self-acquaintance. Because he who knows himself, can teach any key in human nature, and he who can play skillfully on the subtle ten thousand feelings that string the lyre of humanity, can produce strains of music that will drown the command of potentates and charm the world with their melody.

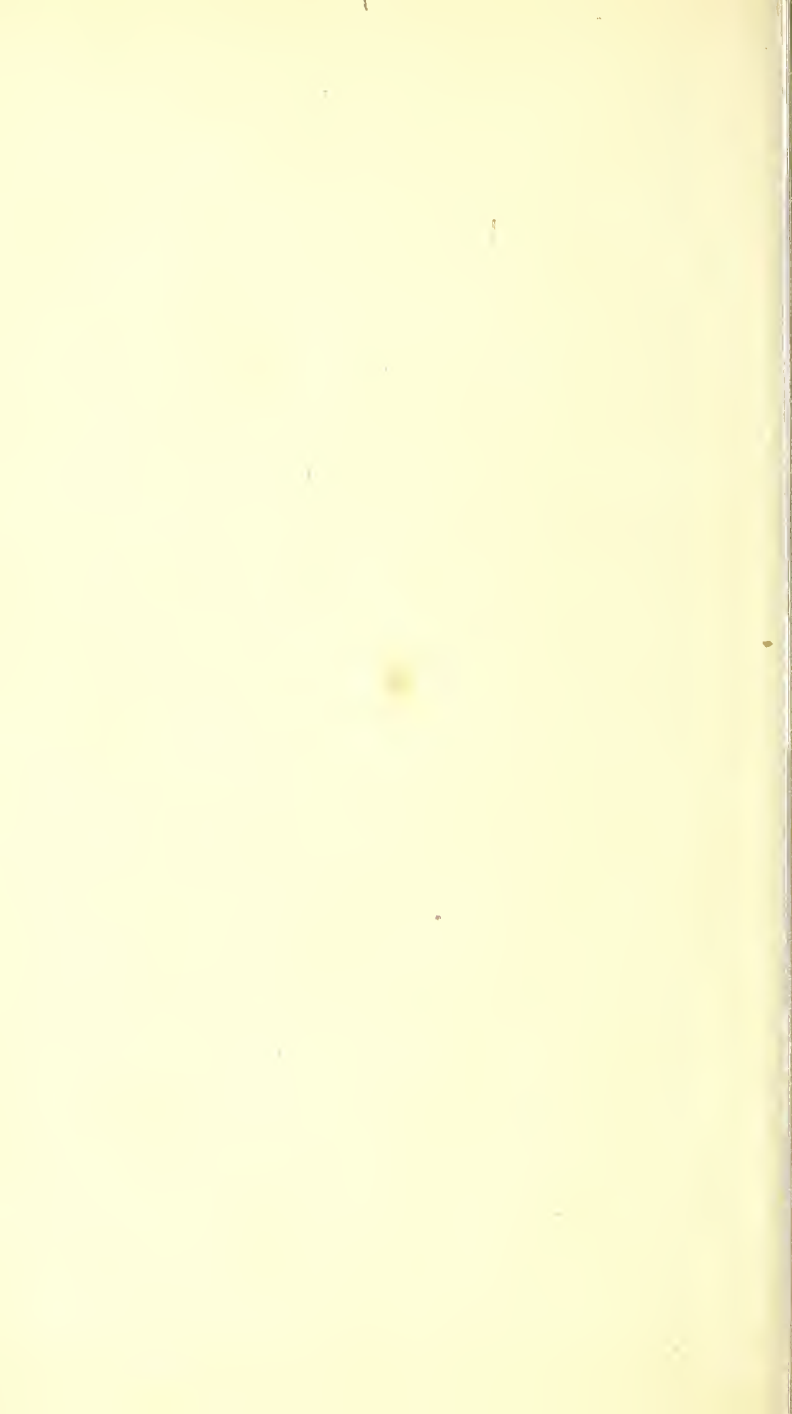
Now, kind friends, what glowing scenes of memory urge you onward? What alluring prospects that crown the towering eminences of futurity, invite you upward to glory and to fame? To-day you are to decide whether your names shall perish as unmeaning words written in the sand, or whether your names shall shine forever as spotless jewels in the history of the world and your examples call forth the admiration of mankind, and radiate like golden sun-beams far down the course of time. For truly noble names are the worthiest keep-sakes of passing generations, and every good deed shall ever glimmer upon the world like a twinkling star, though wrapped in the darkness of the night of ages. If you use the compass of reason to mark out the courses of your lives, and justice as the guiding star of your destiny, long hence, when you shall be far out on the world's broad sea, widely tossed upon its boisterous billows, when this period shall have grown dim in the distance, then your souls in dreamy rapture may lean back upon the past, and become happy over times and scenes blooming with pleasant and immortal recollections; while Hope may still stretch far down the secret aisles of coming time, fancying bright visions and gilding the remotest chambers of Futurity with cheerfulness and joy. Then, one and all, with each others memories treasured in our hearts, if come it must as come it will, then we must all separate forever on the world's boundless deep. And where'er on its desert waters you may roam, may your happiness be as deep as the sea, and your hearts as light as the foam.



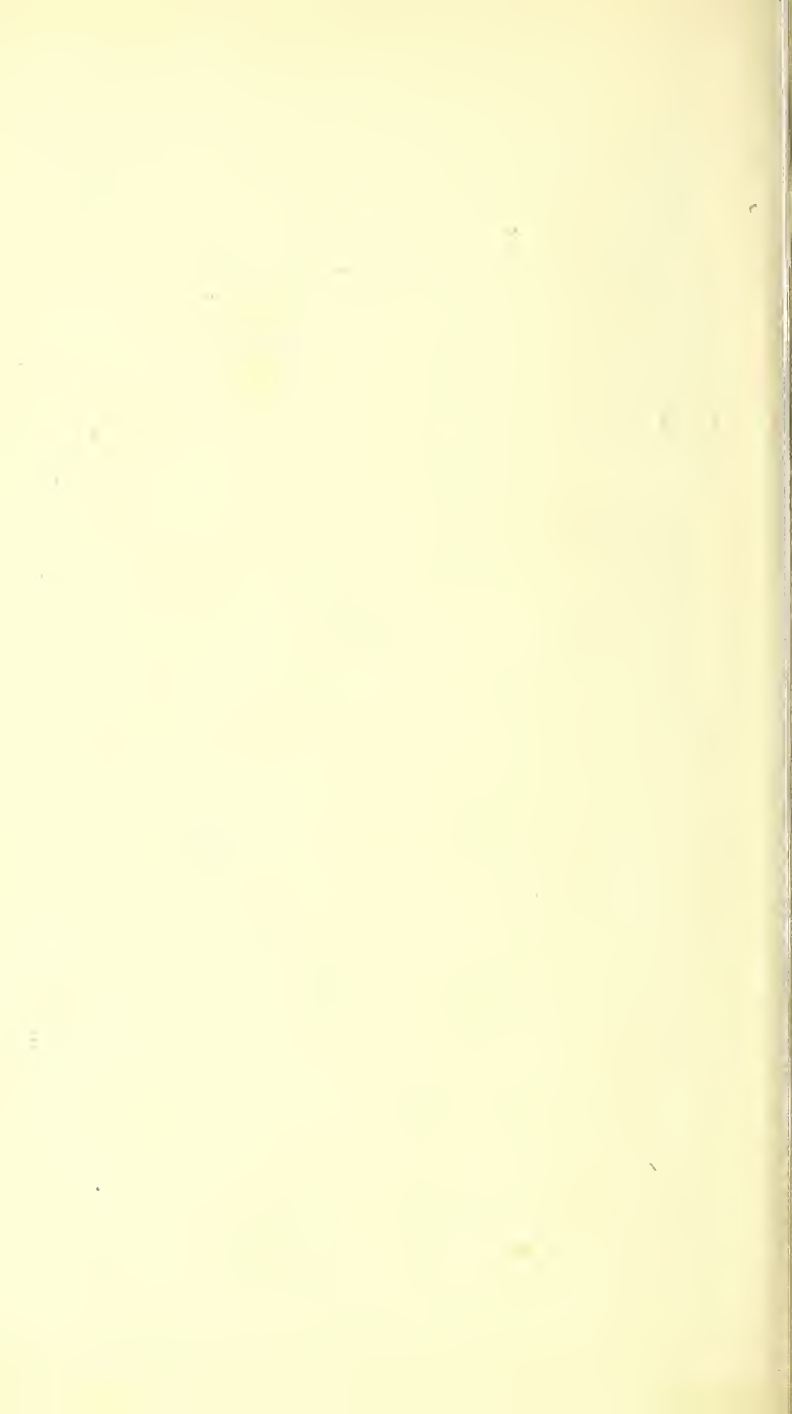








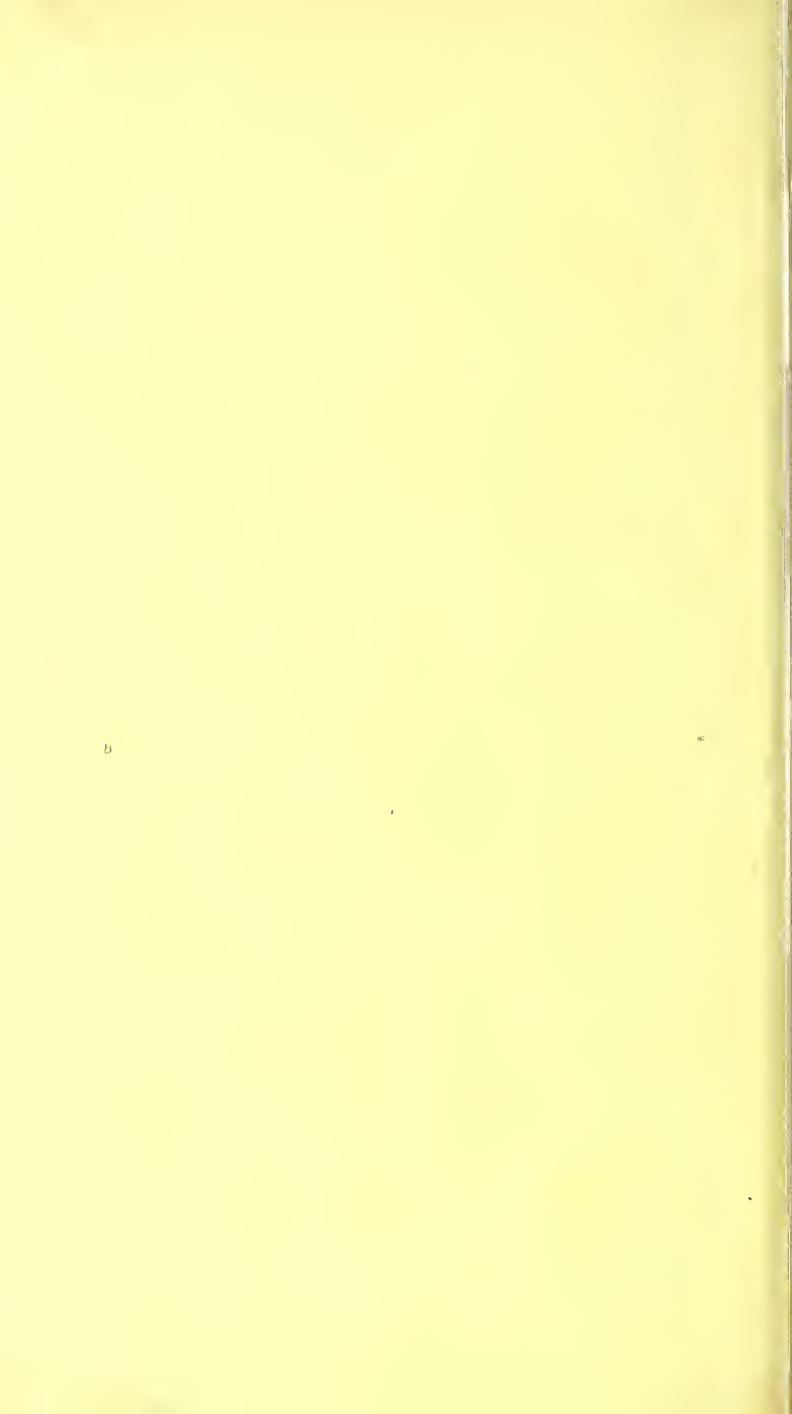














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